THE BOOKMAN
A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Swinburne, we understand, will publish a new volume of poems and a tragedy in the autumn.

We believe that Mr. Kipling has a long novel of sixty thousand words practically finished. Most of it was written before his illness, and he has completed it during his convalescence.

The "Outward Bound" edition of Rudyard Kipling's works, which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons issue by subscription only, is to be augmented by six more volumes. When complete this will make the edition consist of eighteen volumes. The thirteenth volume has just come to hand, and includes the first part of *The Day's Work*, and also a story called "The Son of His Father," which is not published elsewhere in America.

On the title-page of *The Anti-Slavery Record* (Vol. II., 1836) may be seen this motto from Pringle—an almost forgotten early American poet:

> And tears and toil have been my lot
> Since I *the white man's thrall* became;
> And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
> Harsh blows and burning shame!

The italics are ours, and are intended to point an antithesis to Mr. Kipling's title, "The White Man's Burden." If this stanza from a slave's mouth had been written recently, and found in any current or generally accessible volume, how many criticasters would arise to say that "the white man's thrall," in the second line of this stanza, gave Mr. Kipling his hint for writing "The White Man's Burden"! The charge is hardly tenable under the present circumstances, for there is not one chance in a million that Mr. Kipling ever saw Pringle's lines. The coincidence of expression, however, is not a little curious. The ethical character of the deliverances of both poets reflects also a moral antithesis and suggests quite a circuit of thought. Although Pringle failed to obtain a durable fame, this poem for the slave does not fall much behind the strenuous force of Mr. Kipling's oft-quoted verses.

"Zack's" new story which is now running serially in *Blackwood's Magazine* will be brought out in the autumn by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Some of our readers may have had the good fortune to read this author's volume of stories entitled *Life is Life*, published just a year ago by the same firm. *On Trial*—not *On Trust*, as has been recently stated—is a story of Devonshire folk, and belongs to that class of work published in *Life is Life* which was singled out for such hearty praise by the critics.

The Quarterly Review has an interesting article on Mrs. Oliphant *à propos* of her recently published *Autobiography and Letters*, which does not attempt criticism, but is written from personal knowledge. We understand that the writers of this paper are Mr. and Mrs. Cornish, of Eton, who were intimate friends of Mrs.

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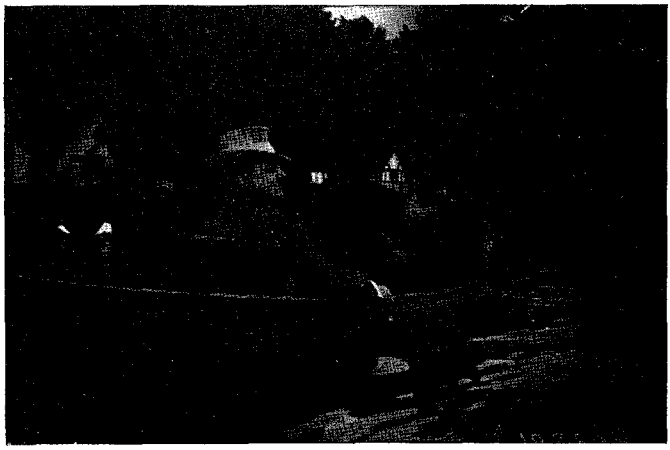
Oliphant. Not much is added to what has already been published, but one paragraph is worth quoting:

She delighted in dwelling on the homely incidents of visits from her literary contemporaries. Mr. J. M. Barrie's rise to fame, and his friendship, which was such a pleasure to her in later years, were prefaced by a visit of long silences, which he filled up afterward with a delightful letter. But Turgueneff's presence in her house at Oxford in 1879 was that which she dwelt on with the greatest pleasure. She described him as "a great giant with much melancholy, much gentleness of expression. He was not to be hurried, not given to talking much when he had come expressly to converse, but contemplative—oh, a very contemplative, very gentle big man.

"A visit of long silences"—how that phrase starts into life for some their first meeting with the author of *A Window in Thrums!*

Those who have read Mr. J. M. Barrie's early journalistic efforts will recall his enthusiasm for the game of cricket. Mr. Barrie recently issued a little book on cricket, which will be a prize to collectors, for it is strictly private and has been printed only for circulation among his personal friends. The fortunate possessors of this little cricket volume, which is charming alike in matter and illustrations, are quite enthusiastic over it. Mr. Barrie is at present in Germany, quite oblivious of the keen interest excited among his friends by his latest literary exploit.



"MR. DOOLEY" ON THE THAMES.

Mr. R. H. Russell during his recent visit to London gave a lunch at the National Club to a few friends, and the ideal way in which he paired off his guests may be seen from the following list:

Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley,
E. A. Abbey and Phil May,
Bram Stoker and William Laffan,
Anthony Hope and E. H. Sothern,
R. H. Russell and William Heinemann.

It is not surprising, when we consider the elements of good fellowship that abounded, to learn that the lunch lasted far on into the evening. The accompanying snap shot of "Mr. Dooley on the Thames" is one of a number of amusing photographs taken by Mr. Russell while abroad.

Mr. Russell will celebrate the occasion of the forthcoming international yacht race between the *Shamrock* and the *Columbia* with the publication of a large picturesque volume containing a collection of fourteen wash drawings reproduced in half tone, giving a complete history of the winning and defence of the "blue ribbon," as the old trophy, so long contested for, is called. *The Cup Races* presents a pictorial history of the international yacht races for the *America's* cup, and to each picture there is appended a concise note of explanation of the different challenges, with dates and results. Mr. L. A. Shafer is the author-artist; the cover is in colour, and is backed with the flag of the New York Yacht Club. This handsome souvenir, which will, of course, include pictures of the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock*, will be published immediately. The price is five dollars.

Mr. Dunne's new volume, announced in these columns some time ago, and entitled *Mr. Dooley: In the Hearts of His Countrymen*, will be issued by Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company about the end of the month. We understand that the publishers already number their ad-

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vance orders for the new book in the tens of thousands. Mr. Dunne has carefully gone over the "Dooley" articles which he contributed to the Chicago *Evening Post*, and has selected and revised the best of them, in addition to his later work in the Chicago *Journal*, which will make up the bulk of the book. Mr. Dunne has spared no pains to bring the work of this second book up to the level of the first, and he hopes that by many it will be considered even better.

BUST OF MARK TWAIN BY THERESA FEODOROWNA RIES.

Mr. Dunne has been at work on his portrait of the shrewd Chicago Irishman in Archey Road—as readers of THE BOOKMAN learned from Mr. Irving May's article in the May number—for nearly six years. A firm of Western publishers aware of this fact have recently brought out a cheap-looking paper-covered volume containing some of these early sketches, which has outraged both Mr. Dunne and his publishers. People, however, are not so readily taken in by these piracies as they used to be, and very few readers will do Mr. Dunne the injustice of charging him with being willing to fatten his pocket by a hasty and careless collection of dead and forgotten matter. That these Western publishers have not exercised delicacy of judgment in rummaging the old newspaper files, and that the revision which they have impudently taken upon themselves to make on Mr. Dunne's work is far from satisfactory, are facts only too patent on the surface. We are glad to learn that the attitude of the booksellers toward this unauthorised book is very discouraging for its publishers and very encouraging in its display of a healthier and honester sentiment. We are rapidly losing the reputation of being a nation of pirates. Meanwhile, Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company—Mr. Dunne's reputable publishers—are bringing forward a suit for fraud against the Western house, while Mr. Dunne's *confrères* in the newspaper world, especially the press men of the West, who will stand by "Mr. Dooley" to see fair play, are making it hot for the rash publishers of *What Dooley Says*.

The August number of the *International Studio* is of an artistic excellence

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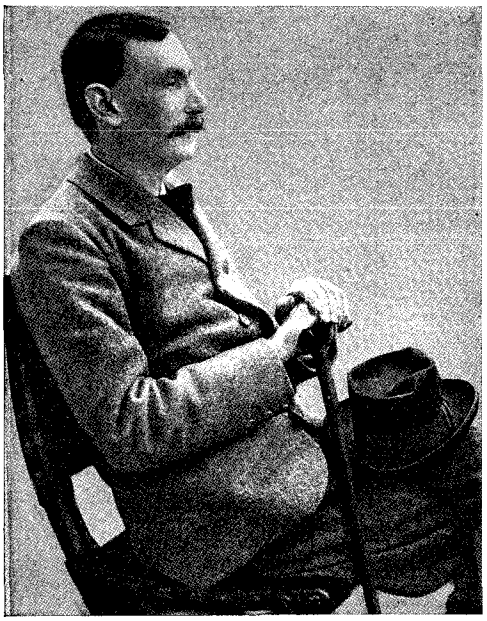
which makes this fine art magazine even more attractive than usual, and that is saying a great deal. The *Studio* is undoubtedly from every point of view the best art journal published. It never fails to delight; and while it is always critical and highly artistic in its special departments, it combines with this a bright journalistic treatment of the art of the day that makes it indispensable and invaluable to the student and lover of art. The "Bust of Mark Twain," by Theresa Feodorowna Ries, a Russian sculptor, who has been living for some years in



PÉREZ GALDÓS.

Vienna, is reproduced from this number of the *Studio* through the courtesy of the publisher.

A London correspondent, "who knows that Mark Twain is admirable, but who does not admire him," saw a good deal of the American humourist in London, and writes that, although Mark Twain is well known through his portraits, he had always failed to get a right idea of the man from any of his photographs. "He is a distinguished figure, with a mass of white hair, as upright as it can be, a keen, sharp face, vivid eyes and something of the pathetic manner. . . . What will remain with me is the picture of the man as he stood there, his humorous impassiveness combined with a quick sensitiveness and an eagerness which the years have done nothing to arrest. Mark Twain looked like a man who might yet do his best work."

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company will publish shortly a translation of Pérez Galdós's *Saragossa,* which is the sixth volume in the brilliant series of historical novels by this Spanish author. Miss Minna Caroline Smith is responsible for the translation and also for an introduction which enlightens us about an author of whom Americans know very little. He is known to some extent in this country as the author of *Doña Perfecta;* but if Galdós is entitled to be called, as Miss Smith claims, the "Walter Scott of Spain," it is high time that we knew more about him and his work. Our debt of gratitude to his translator will be in accordance with the result. *Saragossa* is declared to be one of the most powerful and most popular of the twenty novels in which Galdós has told the gallant story of his native land, and it is ranked with Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and Zola's *La Débâcle.* We trust that Miss Smith's hopes for the appreciation of Galdós in this country will be fulfilled, and that we shall have in time translations of the remaining works of this eminent Spanish novelist. An article on Galdós, following upon his admission into the Spanish Academy, appeared in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1897. Galdós was born in 1845.

A marriage of considerable literary interest was celebrated recently in Paris when the youngest daughter of José Maria de Hérédia espoused M. Maurice Maindron, well known among the younger novelists. M. de Hérédia's two elder daughters both married men of letters. One is Mme. Henri de Regnier, the other Mme. Pierre Louys. The recent marriage was attended by almost all of the men and women of contemporary Parisian literature. The witnesses at the civil marriage were Messieurs Jules Lemaître, Alphonse Lemerre, Henri Boutet and Henri de Regnier. The religious ceremony was celebrated in the church of St. Philippe du Roule.

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"Yann," the hero of Pierre Loti's *Iceland Fisherman,* was recently drowned at Port Even. Yann's real name was Guillaume Floury. It is a strange irony of fate that should have consigned the fisherman to this end, for he never pardoned Loti the conclusion of the story by which Yann was made to perish in the sea.

Pierre Loti is now Naval Attaché to the French Legation in Persia. The surroundings should stir his sensuous poetic nature to fresh outpourings. His delicate observation would shed a new light on this land of romance. The yachting expedition on which Loti tried to lure Madame Sarah Bernhardt is, of course, postponed.

Anthony Hope's new novel, *The King's Mirror,* which has been appearing during the year in *Munsey's Magazine,* will be published shortly by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

For some time we have been aware that Mr. John Sartain, at one time well known in New York as editor and engraver was at work on his reminiscences, and now we understand that the book is ready for publication, and will see the light in the early autumn. A life that goes back to the Peace Jubilee in England, and passed through many picturesque phases of old London life which have since disappeared; a literary and artistic association which included Washington Irving and his circle, and most intimately that strange and erratic genius Edgar Allan Poe, cannot fail to be of deep interest to Americans. Mr. Sartain's career as an editor, and especially as an engraver, brought him into close personal relations with the men and women who assisted in the development of American art and letters for over sixty years, and much that is contained in these *Reminiscences* is unpublished history. Naturally the work will include numerous illustrations of an educational and historic interest. *Reminiscences of a Very Old Man, 1808-1896,* will be published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

We learn that Mr. Howells's novel, *A Hazard of New Fortunes,* is being prepared for the stage by Mr. F.C. Drake, under Mr. Howells's supervision. There is to be no radical departure from the story, but the attachment between Conrad Dryfoos and Margaret Vance is to be made more emphatically the pivotal issue of the play. It is believed that the story in its dramatic form, dealing as it does with the struggle of wealth for social preferment, of love for triumph over prejudice, and of socialistic ideas for a hearing, will result in a drama of considerable power. Mr. Drake has attempted several dramatic efforts, but his *Rosberry Shrub, Sec.,* is the only one of his plays that has been on the boards. A trial performance of another piece he has written, called *The Married Man,* is to be given at the Empire Theatre early in the autumn.

Some English librarians have been stirred up by the anonymously published work entitled *The Martyrdom of an Empress,* because of certain passages in the book whose character they affect to believe is of a doubtful nature. There are, to be sure, one or two very outspoken passages, but no reader would say that if they are correct they are unfair. Words equally strong have been published on the Court life of France during the Second Empire. The book, we believe, is selling very well, and has gone through several editions.

There has been some discussion regarding the authorship of *The Martyrdom of an Empress.* We are informed on very good authority that there is very little doubt but that the life of the Empress Elizabeth was written by the woman who signs herself "The Marquise de Fontenoy." She was attached to the Court of the Emperor of Austria, and has an intimate knowledge of his secret history, but she eloped some years ago with an attaché of the English Legation in Vienna. They came to America, and both have been very successful in journalism. The husband is a brilliant writer on one of the New York papers. A collection of sketches and articles which have appeared in the press from time to time over the name of the Marquis de

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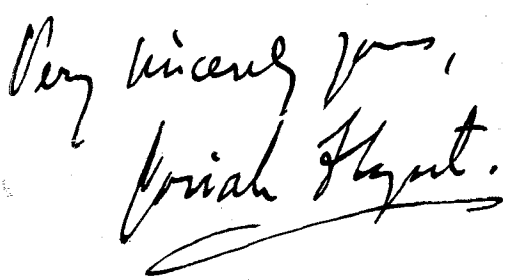
Fontenoy is to be published shortly under the title of *Eve's Glossary* by Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, the author of *Children of the Mist,* has a volume of stories entitled *The Human Boy* ready for publication. In this volume Mr. Phillpotts elaborates his own theory of schoolboy humour.



Mr. Phillpotts's *Children of the Mist* is now in its sixth edition, and, as will be seen from the lists of the best-selling books in the current number, it is one of the popular books of the hour. Few novels of the year approach this Dartmoor romance in imaginative literature; and as a story of throbbing human passion and dramatic power it has few rivals. Mr. Quiller-Couch, we observe, has written with enthusiasm about it.

"Josiah Flynt," whose book, *Tramping with Tramps,* will be published by the Century Company the latter part of this month, began his studies of vagabond life through sheer love of adventure and without any idea of finding therein a new field for literary labour. He had tramped pretty well over Southern Europe, spent considerable time in Siberia and Central Asia, and lived for two or three years among American outcasts, before he thought that the history of his experiences would make interesting reading. His first paper, written six or seven years ago, dealt with "The American Tramp," and was printed in the *Contemporary Review.* His later work, appearing in *Harper's,* the *Century,* the *Forum,* the *Atlantic* and in English reviews, has aroused much interest and created considerable discussion. His forthcoming book is to be illustrated by Werner Zehme, F. L. M. Pape, M. Trauthchold, A. Z. Baker, T. C. Martin and J. C. Hambidge. An introductory letter has been written by the Honourable Andrew D. White. "Josiah Flynt" is still a young man, having but recently passed his thirtieth birthday.

The Fiction Number of *Scribner's Magazine,* published last month, had the most handsome appearance and was the most attractive in its literary and artistic contents of all the magazines of the month. But there is one story in this number of *Scribner's* which is of supreme importance. "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," by Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, is a piece of imaginative literature worthy of our best writers. It will be remembered that Mr. Thompson's work in *Wild Animals I Have Known* was commended highly in The Bookman some months ago, and we signalled Mr. Thompson as a rival of Mr. Kipling—the Kipling of *The Jungle Book.* Bliss Carman, speaking of "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," says: "I had fancied that no one could touch *The Jungle Book* for a generation at least, but Mr. Thompson has done it. We must give him place among the

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young masters at once." And we agree with Mr. Carman when he declares that the hunter Yan's acceptance of the finer feeling of brotherhood, without any disappointment at resigning the more primitive emotion which finds satisfaction in blood, is the crowning touch of genius in the story.

The place of honour in this number of *Scribner's* is given to Richard Harding Davis, and is entitled "The Lion and the Unicorn." The story, of course, has been read all over the country by this time, and calls for no comment; but it seems strange to find Mr. Gibson's art divorced at last from Mr. Davis's work. For ourselves, we can say that it was a positive relief to find another artist at work on Mr. Davis's types, and the result, it seems to us, is not only satisfactory in this respect, but shows a decided improvement on Mr. Gibson. Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, the illustrator of "The Lion and the Unicorn," is a young man of great industry and ambition, whose work has only come to the front within the last year or two; but, if we mistake not, his illustrations for this story will give him a recognised place among our prominent young artists and illustrators. The illustration opposite page 146 is especially remarkable for its fine conception, its able technique and delicate handling.

There was a time when we reprimanded Mr. Davis rather sharply upon his confusion of the verbs "shall" and "will." Mr. Davis took the matter so sorely to heart that he has greatly improved in this respect. This was sensible. But in this last story of his he has committed a glaring impropriety of speech that made us blush for him. And yet it is a fault so common, in the pulpit and on the platform, as well as in print, that we are going to make an example of Mr. Davis out of purely philanthropic motives. It occurs in the following sentence:

"I'd sit on their front step all night, and I'd follow them in cabs, and I'd lay in wait for them at the stage door."

Now, any schoolboy will tell you that "to lay" is an active transitive verb, while "to lie" is an intransitive verb. It is a simple matter of conjugation. Nor can Mr. Davis escape by laying the charge to the character into whose mouth he puts these words we have quoted, for she is a person who is correct and faultless in her manner of speech throughout the story. The glaring inconsistency, Mr. Davis must admit, is his own and not Marion's.

In an address which Mr. Hall Caine delivered at the meeting of the Retail News-agents' and Booksellers' Union in Liverpool, he stated that during the three or four weeks last spring when the Messrs. Appleton published and sold to the American News Company an edition of *The Christian,* limited to one hundred thousand copies, at fifty cents, they also sold fourteen thousand copies of the regular dollar and a half edition. This, Mr. Caine used as an argument for the cheap paper-covered book—a subject which has been a bone of contention between the booksellers and publishers in England for some months past.

Mr. Hall Caine further ridiculed the idea that the reading of newspapers injures the reading of books. It is precisely, he says, where newspapers are most numerous that books are most read. "In America, where every hamlet has its organ, there is the largest reading public per thousand for books of all kinds. In Italy, where the newspapers are few and often contemptible, the reading public, even among the educated classes, is, perhaps, the smallest in the world." Mr. Caine holds that the same is true about the libraries. It is his experience that nowhere is the trade in books so brisk as in the large towns and cities where the public library is active and popular.

Mr. Hall Caine concluded his address by saying that the great reading public is entirely healthy in its instincts, and that only the little cliques and coteries in every country are morbid and unwholesome in their tastes. "Certainly," said he, "there is in England and in America a deep leaven of purity that makes it unprofitable to play upon the baser passions." This, too, from the author and dramatiser of *The Christian!*

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We announced some months ago that two English novelists were engaged on novels dealing with the drink question. One of these was Mr. Hall Caine, and the title was given out, on what seemed good authority, as *The Drunkard,* but Mr. Caine subsequently denied the statement. The other novelist was Mr. John A. Steuart, whose excellent novel, *The Minister of State,* made a deeper impression in England than it succeeded in doing here. Mr. Steuart's new novel is now ready for publication, and will be issued this month under the title *Wine on the Lees.* It must not be assumed that Mr. Steuart's new book is a temperance tract; there is no preaching in it; not a bit of mawkish sentiment. The story is intensely dramatic and is absorbing in its human interest. There are the same power of graphic description; the same excellence of literary style and artistic finish; the same virile handling of character which gave *The Minister of State* a leading place in England among the fiction of the year, in the estimation of the best critics. And, like its predecessor, *Wine on the Lees* is a story written from the heart by a close student of humanity, and exhibits a similar interest of dramatic contrast. Just so far the personal element in Mr. Steuart's career is reflected in his work. Like his Evan Kinloch, Mr. Steuart left the quiet seclusion of a Highland glen in Scotland at an early age for the roaring currents of life in London; and the wisdom of his varied experiences, harvested by a seeing and observant eye, goes to vivify every page he writes.

The author of *Those Dale Girls* received a gracious and unexpected tribute the other day. It appears that a copy of the book had been taken on board the *Sherman* by one of the officers of the troops that were transported to the Philippines early in June. The first news that the author, Miss Frances Weston Carruth, had of the fact was in a letter which was forwarded to her, bearing the signatures of some of the officers, who had been attracted by the military spirit in the story, but more so, we believe, by "those Dale girls." Here is the interesting document, which we are permitted to quote:

Those Dale Girls have proved to us most companionable people, and have helped to make pleasurable many hours of a long and tedious sea trip to the Philippines.

WENDELL L. SIMPSON,
Capt. Sixth U. S. Infantry.
F. D. GRANT,
Brig. Gen. U. S. Volunteers.
L. L. SEAMAN,
Major-Surgeon U. S. Volunteers.
E. H. LISCUM,
Col. Ninth Infantry.
JAMES W. POWELL,
Col. Seventeenth U. S. Infantry.
J. C. BATES,
Brig.-Gen. U. S. Volunteers.
R. A. BROWN,
First Lieut. Seventh U. S. Cavalry.

PACIFIC OCEAN, June 16.

Is Mr. Anstey Guthrie ever going to repeat the great success of his first book, *Vice Versa?* This question is raised by the announcement that he is engaged on a new novel, of which some of his friends entertain high hopes. One after another of his books have appeared only to merit disappointment, and although he has written a great deal of clever drivel—excepting, of course, *The Tinted Venus*—since the days when he launched into popularity with *Vice Versa,* somehow, in spite of his remarkable gifts, he has failed ever since to give adequate expression to them.

There have been a dash and audacity—what Stevenson called "stores of youth's dynamite"—about the S. S. McClure concern since the word go, that have put wiseacres to grief, dumfounded doubt and repaid scorn in kind. There was, to begin with, the McClure Syndicate, followed by *McClure's Magazine;* then the organisation of a publishing house known as the Doubleday and McClure Company; and now the latest sensation of all, the Harper-McClure combination, from which already there have sprung plans for a new *Encyclopaedia* and a new monthly—the *Harper-McClure Illustrated Review.* Not quite the latest, however, for, Major Pond notwithstanding, the S. S. McClure Lecture Bureau, "announces to the public that by means of efficient organisation and valuable connections in America and Europe, it is proposed to introduce upon the lecture platform men and women distinguished in literature, science, art and travel."

A striking demonstration of the rate

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at which *David Harum* has been selling may be arrived at by comparing a note which appears in the "Point of View" of the August *Scribner's,* descanting on the remarkable circulation of this book, with the extraordinary sales which it had attained at the time of the magazine's appearance. The comment referred to states the number then sold as "one hundred thousand copies." Between the writing of that note and the publication of the magazine containing it *David Harum* had more than doubled the amount mentioned, and had gone beyond the two hundred thousand mark.

Seumas MacManus, or "Mac," whose portrait we published in the March BOOKMAN, and whose success we foresaw and predicted, has "come to town" with flying colours. "Mac" returned to his "dhroll Donegal" in the spring, but he left an ample supply of his racy Irish stories in the hands of American editors to keep his memory green until his return to this country in the autumn. Three of the leading magazines for August—*McClure's, Harper's* and the *Century*—publish stories by him, all illustrated by well-known artists; and in various other magazines and periodicals we are continually meeting with his work. His collection of Irish tales, *Through the Turf Smoke,* issued only a month or two ago, is in its fifth edition, and the publishers not only announce a new volume of stories as in preparation, but under the auspices of the S. S. McClure Lecture Bureau, "Mac" is to be "introduced upon the lecture platform" to give readings from his sketches and stories during the coming winter. We have had the pleasure of listening to Mr. MacManus reading from his own work, and we can vouch for the rare treat that is in store for his audiences.

This young Irish writer deserves to succeed. His work not only merits success, but his manner also of producing it. Unknown and unheralded, without introduction or foisting by others, he came to this country last autumn with his pockets bulging with manuscripts and walked into one editor's office after another (if we mistake not, his first call was made on *The Youth's Companion*) and, making himself known in a few words, he left his stories to speak for themselves. He soon found favour and friends, this Celtic youth, with whose help he has now passed the threshold. He is at present engaged on a long novel of Irish life and character, and, we believe, has aspirations toward writing an Irish drama. Meantime, the Doubleday and McClure Company will bring out shortly a new volume of his Irish tales, devoted entirely to the legends of giants, witches, kings and invincible "Jacks," which are so Celtic in character and in quick invention. The book will be made further attractive by a number of coloured illustrations which have been prepared for these stories by Miss Pamela Colman Smith.

We know of Abraham Cahan and are familiar with his stories of the New York Ghetto; but who is "Morris Cahn," who, according to a writer on "Slum Fiction" in the August *Munsey,* "has made the inhabitants of the Jewish quarter a subject of special study?"

Mr. John James Piatt, the author of the charming *Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley,* has edited for publication in the autumn a volume entitled *The Hesperian Tree: a Manual of the Ohio Valley, 1900.* The contents of the volume have been largely contributed by Mr. William D. Howells, Mr. James Lane Allen, Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the Hon. John Hay and his daughter, Miss Helen Hay, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, the Hon. H. P. Russell, Murat Halstead, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and other writers more or less well known and all identified with the Ohio Valley. The artists who have made special illustrations for this work have also been drawn from the same brotherhood. The book is to be beautifully printed on hand-made deckel-edged paper and bound in antique boards, with rubricated paper label. The price is to be five dollars net, and only one thousand numbered copies will be printed. Subscriptions will be received until September 15 by the publisher, Mr. George C. Shaw, 53 Pickering Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Few modern books have excited the interest and attention of commentators so much as *The Pickwick Papers.* Espe-

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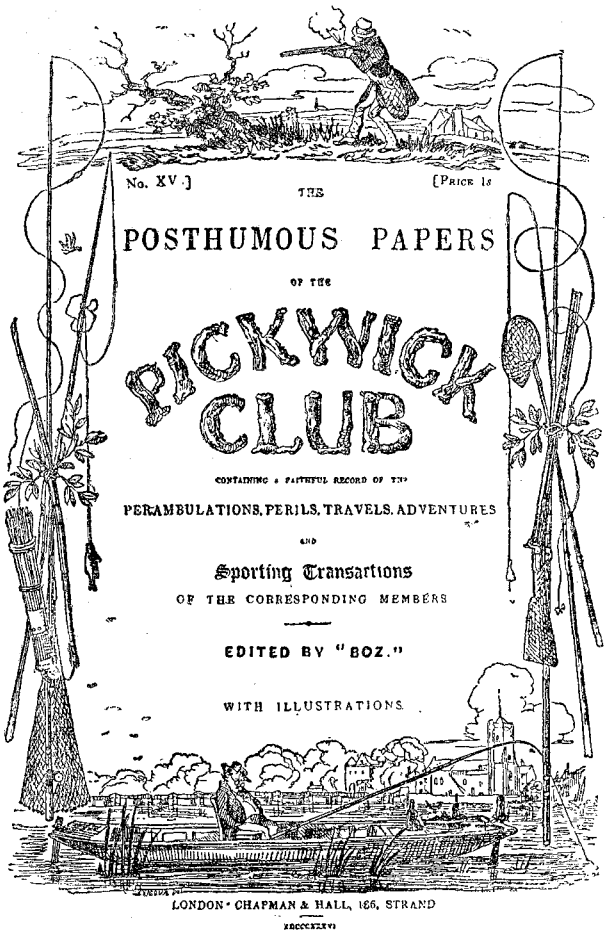

FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL "PICKWICK" COVER DESIGN.

cially has the history of its illustrations and of the artists who designed them called forth endless curiosity and research. Here we reproduce a fac-simile of the original cover design that was printed on the celebrated green covers of *Pickwick* as it appeared in monthly numbers. The original drawing was made by Robert Seymour with a pencil in clear outline, and was engraved by Mr. Mason Jackson, then an apprentice with his brother, and now a distinguished authority on art journalism. "If I could have foreseen how world-famous it would become," says Mr. Jackson, referring to his engraving of the *Pickwick* cover design, "no doubt I should have taken a keener interest in the matter. I had seen sporting etchings by Seymour in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's window in the Strand, and I suppose, if I thought about it at all, I must have looked upon this cover or title-page of the 'Pickwick Club' as being intended for something of the same kind." Mr. Jackson goes on to say that if the design for the cover is to be taken as indicating the proposed character of the book, it is obvious that Seymour expected it to be essentially a sporting book. It is noticeable that the only figures in the design—figures that we may reasonably take for Winkle and Pickwick—are both engaged in sport, one shooting, the other angling. There is no suggestion of any of the other familiar characters, such as Sam Weller, the Fat Boy or Jingle. Evidently they grew out of the author's brain as the work went on. There is little doubt, too, that Seymour wished his sketches to be the chief feature of the work, and that the author was to write up to them. Dickens, however, set aside this idea and insisted that the drawings should grow out of the text.

Mr. Chapman has stated that the first type for Pickwick was a "long, thin man," but that Seymour afterward adopted a description given by the publisher of a friend of his at Richmond who wore drab tights and gaiters. Certainly, the figure of Mr. Pickwick as we know him was not the conception of Dickens. If we look at Mr. Pickwick in the punt, or at Mr. Pickwick addressing the Club, we find the same figure with which we afterward became so familiar in the body of the book. We have Dickens's own statement that he never saw Seymour but once, and that was within forty-eight hours of the tragic death of the artist. The design for the cover, as well as the four illustrations in the first number, which were all that Seymour executed, must, therefore, have been carried out by him before he had seen Dickens.

Another book-cover design—this time by "Phiz"—might at first glance be

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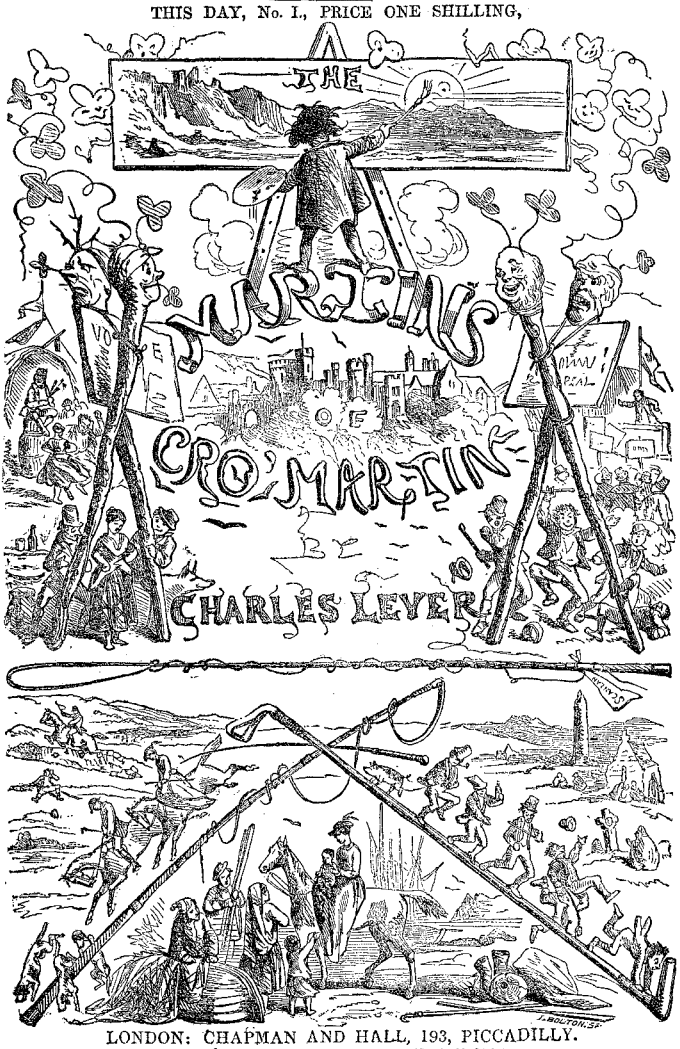
taken for the title-page of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But it is not a Dickens—it is a fac-simile of the cover design of Charles Lever's *Martins of Cro'martin*. This design was issued as an advertising leaflet in December, 1854, and was bound up with the advertising pages of the leading magazines of that day. It is evident that Messrs. Chapman and Hall took all the advantage possible of the prestige attached to the type of book cover made familiar by the great success of Dickens. The design, as will be seen by those who have read the book, gives a very good idea of the ingredients of Lever's novel, but this does not necessarily mean that the artist read the manuscript. "Phiz" nearly always received his suggestions from the author, sometimes by correspondence and frequently in conversation.

New Work by the Author of "HARRY LORREQUER."

ILLUSTRATED BY "PHIZ."

THIS DAY, No. I., PRICE ONE SHILLING,



LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL "LEVER" COVER DESIGN BY "PHIZ."

The New Amsterdam Book Company have recently published a novel of Lever's that has only now been issued in book form. *Gerald Fitzgerald* originally appeared as a serial in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and for some reason Lever saw fit to consign it to oblivion. But he did not reckon with the literary resurrectionists of these latter days, and although stories omitted from an edition which has been revised and superintended by the author are, as a rule, suspect, it may be said that Lever included several that would not bear comparison with *Gerald Fitzgerald*. Knowing the reputation that Lever gained as an Irish humourist, it may be that he feared an attack of the critics for the very slender thread of humour upon which the tale hangs. The humour in this story is, indeed, very slender, and the book is more effective in separate chapters rather than as a whole, but it contains excellent matter, and he is a poor kind of novel reader who will not be able to get some enjoyment out of it. The publishers may at least take credit that they have done no harm to the Irish novelist's memory in rescuing the serial from the magazine pages in which it has so long

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lain buried. We understand that the book has been very well received and is in its second edition.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's new novel, which was to have been issued in the autumn, will not be ready for publication until next spring. His work, we understand, has been considerably thrown back during the last few months by repeated attacks of influenza. Meanwhile *Aylwin* is enjoying a steady sale.

It is a pity that the American publishers of *The Hooligan Nights* did not include young Alf's portrait, drawn by William Nicholson, which appears as a frontispiece in the English edition. The portrait resembles in almost every detail those strange figures which Robert Browning's father used to draw. THE BOOKMAN, it may be remembered (May, 1896), published some of these grotesque types, with the inscriptions which the artist added to them; and in the album from which the drawings were taken there were faces not less weird and strange than that of Mr. Nicholson's Hooligan. The recollection of this, together with the fact that Mr. Browning's father was a Walworth man, and that the Hooligans have their haunts in Walworth and Lambeth, suggests the question—Did Mr. Browning, Senior, know these types and in his sketches make himself their interpreter?

Mrs. F. A. Steele's new novel is to be entitled *The Hosts of the Lord*. It is to be illustrated by Mr. Ravenhill, and will be published serially before appearing in book form. The first instalment of the new book, which is the only work that Mrs. Steele has done since *On the Face of the Waters* was published over two years ago, will probably appear in an English periodical this month.

Mr. James Eugene Farmer, whose Napoleonic romance, entitled *The Grenadier*, sold unusually well for a first book, has a new historical novel in the press, to be called *The Grand Mademoiselle*. The scenes are laid in France at the time of the Fronde. The story is written in the first person, being the "Memoirs of Charles-Alexandre Comte de Lannoy, *premier écuyer* to the King Louis XIV.," and it follows vividly the adventures of the Comte and of the spirited Princesse Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who held Orleans against the Royal Army, and turned the King's cannon upon his troops at Paris. Incidentally, the old Court life and notables of the period are described and portrayed, but the interest centres about the dashing Princesse, the brilliant Comte and his friends, the Vicomte de Noailles and the eccentric Duc de Druillon d'Ormesson.

A new edition of George Borrow's *Lavengro* is to be published soon by the English house of Messrs. Methuen and Company, for which Mr. Francis Hindes Groome has written an introduction. This is a welcome announcement, for no living writer is able to appreciate so adequately the gypsy element in literature as is Mr. Groome. We certainly hope that there will be an American edition of this volume. Mr. Groome, it will be recalled, wrote the review of *The Life and Correspondence of George Borrow*, which appeared in our last number.

Among the cheap sixpenny editions of popular novels which have been finding favour on the other side during the summer months, the most popular titles north of the Tweed are *Lady Audley's Secret*, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. What a satire on the "unco" intellectual Scot to find Miss Braddon's blood-and-thunder romance at the head of the list! And how strangely incongruous the proximity of Ian Maclaren and George Meredith!

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have been so encouraged by the demand for *The Conjure Woman* that they have decided to publish another volume of stories by Mr. Chesnutt about the middle of November. The book will take its title from the initial story, "The Wife of His Youth," which excited so much comment when it appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* about a year ago. It will probably be illustrated by an eminent artist. Mr. Chesnutt has been in the East during the month of August, and has just returned to his home in Cleveland, Ohio.

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Mr. Zangwill arrived in this city early in August, and since his arrival has been the guest of Mr. James A. Herne of *Shore Acres* fame, at the latter's summer home in Southampton, Long Island. Both are now deep in the rehearsals of *Children of the Ghetto,* which are being conducted under the direction of Mr. Herne. An interesting detail in connection with the preparations for the production of Mr. Zangwill's play is the portrait sketches of the principal characters, drawn by an artist brother of Mr. Zangwill's, from original types in the Ghetto of London. The models of the scenes, of which there are four, have also been made from water-colours by Mark Zangwill. The principal scenes will show the interior of Rabbi Shemuel's home, and the market-place of the Ghetto, which will represent an actual scene from life in Petticoat Lane in London; and a crowd of a hundred people from the New York Ghetto is to be transferred to this scene to give vivid reality to the traffic of the Lane. Mr. Herne, who, as we have said, is staging the piece, commends it both as a powerful dramatic structure and a literary achievement.

These drawings and sketches, by the way, suggest an idea for a very interesting and valuable edition of *Children of the Ghetto* (excluding the "Grandchildren") with illustrations that might be furnished either by the camera or by the brush and pencil of Mark Zangwill, whose character sketches, we understand, have elicited high praise from several New York artists. We look to see an illustrated edition of *Children of the Ghetto,* as well as one of *Vanity Fair* on the same plan, before Christmas.

In the meantime Mr. Zangwill is not neglecting literature. Some years ago a slim little volume called *Ghetto Tragedies* was published in England only, but this volume, to our thinking, contains the cream of his work. Mr. Zangwill has been engaged on a new and enlarged edition of this book, which, renamed *They That Walk In Darkness,* will be published by the Messrs. Macmillan in November. His brother, Mr. Louis Zangwill, known in the literary world as "Z. Z.," is engaged on a long novel. Mr. Louis Zangwill is an ardent student of psychology and a warm admirer of Professor William James of Harvard, whose *Talks to Teachers on Psychology* was recently published. One day Mr. Louis Zangwill observed the announcement—"Interview with William James"—on the bill of a London society paper and made haste to secure a copy. Imagine his disgust when he discovered that the "William James" described was a gentleman whose title to distinction is that he entertains the Prince of Wales, and not "the psychologist who writes like a novelist."

We notice that Mr. Herne's undeserved failure with *Griffith Davenport* last season has thrown him back on another play upon which he has been at work for some time, and which he has just finished. It is to be called *Sag Harbour,* and will present a dramatic incident in the life of the shoremen of Long Island, similar to his presentation of farm life in Maine in *Shore Acres.* The scenes will be laid in the picturesque little town of Sag Harbour, and Mr. Herne will play the part of a scallop fisherman. By the way, if Mr. Herne prefers this sort of thing, why not put *Caleb West* on the stage? Mr. Hopkinson Smith's story is admirably suited to Mr. Herne's art, and he would make an ideal Caleb.

The theatrical season just ahead of us promises to be chiefly remarkable because of the unusual number of dramatised novels which figure prominently among the announcements of forthcoming productions. It is safe to say that although the mode of such dramatisations seems now to be reaching its height, public interest in this form of theatric entertainment has never been so expectant or so widespread. Among the more notable stage versions of recent novels which have been announced to appear in New York during the coming season are: *When Knighthood was in Flower,* in which Julia Marlowe is to play the part of Mary Tudor; Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto,* with Blanche Bates as Hannah and Wilton Lackaye as Reb Shemuel, the father of Hannah; *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,* with J. H. Stoddart as Lachlan Campbell and Reuben Fax as "Posty"; *The Gadfly,* in which Mr. Stuart Robson

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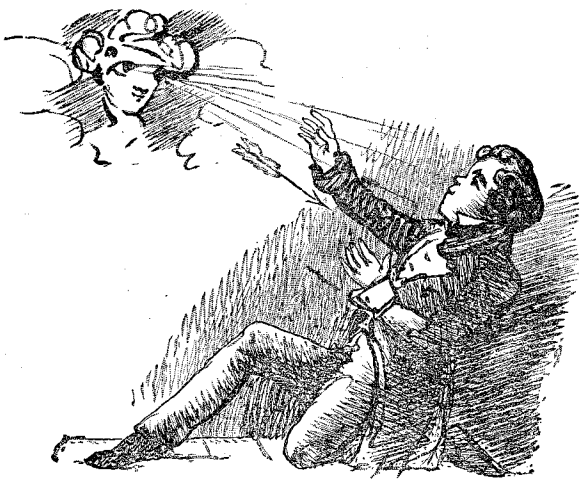
will impersonate the hero; Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes,* which has been adapted by William Gillette, who will also create the character of the great detective on the stage; *Ben Hur,* which is being dramatised by William Young, and which will be one of the great spectacular shows of the season; and the new play that Clyde Fitch is dramatising from Daudet's *Sapho* for Olga Nethersole. Thackeray and Dickens will both be represented on the New York stage early in the season through the dramatisations, respectively, of *Vanity Fair* and *A Tale of Two Cities.* The latter version is called *The Only Way,* and has been very successful in London; in this country Edward Morgan and Henry Miller will take prominent parts in the play when it appears at the Herald Square. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* is the only other play among the foregoing dramatisations that has already been out on trial, and its immediate and unbroken success last spring presages a warm welcome for it in the metropolis. Of all this batch of most interesting titles, the one, of course, that piques interest at the highest point, and to which we look forward with most eagerness, is Mrs. Fiske's *Becky Sharp.*



From "Vanity Fair." Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

Is it or is it not a tribute to Thackeray's art that in the creation of a woman so human, so thoroughly a being of flesh and blood, as Becky Sharp, he neglected to convey to the reader any convincing idea of what she actually was like. There is a fine bit of word painting of her appearance as Clytæmnestra in the charades given at Gaunt House, gliding into the room like an apparition, her arms bare and white, her tawny hair floating over her shoulders, her face deadly pale, her eyes lighted up with a smile so ghastly that people quake as they look at her; but of the woman herself he only tells us that "she was small and slight in person, pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down." Later in the book we find Rosalind Crawley speaking of her as "a red-headed woman," and on the occasion of the presentation at Court she was described by the impeccable Mrs. Bute Crawley in terms of equal contempt. It is probable that to Thackeray, in the building of the character, the dominant physical side of the woman was her baleful green eyes. This was a weakness of his on which his biographers seem too lightly to dwell. The master in his young days was very susceptible to bright eyes. A sketch accompanying one of his letters to his mother, written from Weimar in 1831—he was then twenty years of age—shows him blinded and prostrate before the beaming glances of one of his early loves. This letter and sketch appears in the Introduction to the Biographical Edition of *Vanity Fair.* He wrote:

> Blinded by the rays of her eyes, I am giving myself ecstatically up to—I can't finish the sentence. You must fancy another picture, in which the newcomer is standing between me and the sun, and giving me leisure to see and be wise.
>
> Man says that ——'s glancing eyes
> Wander too fond and free,
> But in gazing thus on all the world
> They have a look for me;
> As if the something, something sun
> Was destined but to shine on one.

After all, what was Becky Sharp like? What was the physical charm of this woman before whose dashing glances fell in turn Jos Sedley, Rawdon Crawley, General Tufto, George Osborne, Sir Pitt Crawley—whose hold even the great Lord Steyne, even in his after years of rage and hate, could never quite shake off; who everywhere finds champions to conspire for her, as historians have conspired for Mary Queen of Scots, and Madame Brinvilliers for that matter, and the Borgias, to defend her savagely

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against the sarcasms, the insults of her creator. She died, we know, somewhere about Cheltenham or Bath after years of pronounced piety and church-going, of tract-dispensing, of hymn-writing, but the fascination of her "baleful green eyes" will live and be felt so long as society exists. It would be difficult to find a reader who would hesitate about claiming intimate acquaintance with Becky. She is liked; she is scorned with uncompromising vehemence; for fifty years women have been bestowing her name upon their neighbours, and yet beyond those baleful green eyes there seems to be no tangible conception of what her appearance was. Her sandy hair varies from flaxen to flaming red; one reader conceives her as having charmed by virtue of her delicious plumpness; another despite her meagre angularity. What a pity Thackeray never could become the artist he dreamed of being in his Paris and Weimar days—provided, of course, that success with the pencil had in no way curbed that other genius that blazed out in *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond!* The crude drawings with which he illustrated Becky's career from Chiswick Mall to Pumpernickel are not merely flagrant caricatures—few of them picture the same woman, indeed some are totally unlike. However, there has been one convincing portrait of Mrs. Crawley; and we are permitted to reproduce here another excellent likeness of the immortal Becky from a series of water-colour sketches which Mr. Percy Anderson, a well-known English artist and designer, has prepared for the guidance of Mrs. Fiske in her production of *Becky Sharp*. This costume sketch shows Becky as she will appear in Act II., in the famous ball-room scene at Brussels, on the eve of Waterloo. We await with interest and some curiosity Mrs. Fiske's appearance in the rôle of Becky.

BECKY SHARP.

From a water-colour by Percy Anderson.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Zangwill's managers, Messrs. Liebler and Company, we are able to reproduce herewith two of the character sketches to which we have already referred. Reb Shemuel, whose full name was the Reverend Samuel Jacobs, is the central character in the drama, and is described by Mr. Zangwill as a fine figure of a man, with a habit of caressing his long grey-streaked black beard as he talked or meditated. The character in the play seems bent for tragedy, but he has his humorous side. "He was an official of heterogeneous duties—he preached and taught and lectured. He married people and divorced them. He released bachelors from the duty of marrying their deceased brothers' wives. He superin-

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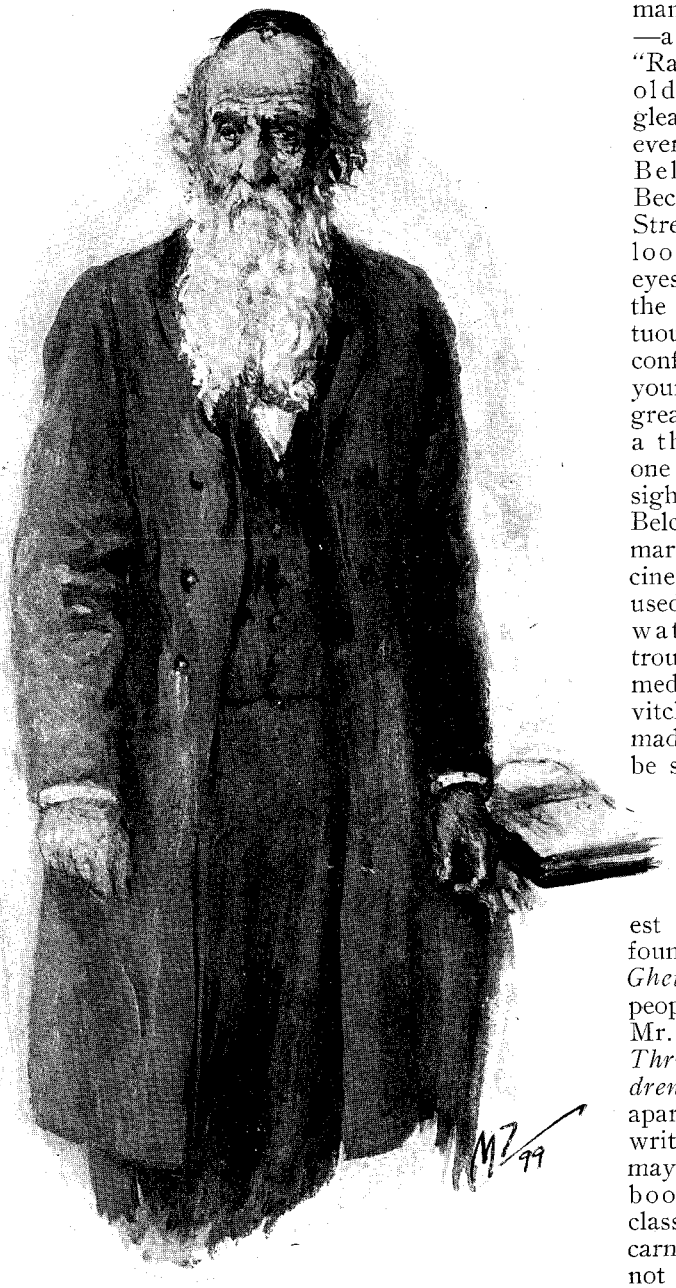

REB SHEMUEL.

From a water-colour by Mark Zangwill.

tended a slaughtering department. . . . His aid was also invoked as a *Shadchen* (professional matchmaker), though he forgot to take his commissions, and lacked the restless zeal for the mating of mankind." In fine, the "Reb"—a popular corruption of "Rav" or Rabbi—was a witty old fellow, with a roguish gleam in his brown eyes, and everybody loved him. Mrs. Belcovitch—the mother of Becky, the belle of Royal Street—"was a small, sickly looking woman, with black eyes and shrivelled skin, and the wig without which no virtuous wife is complete." She confided to Becky's special young man that she "suffered greatly from her legs. One is a thick one, and one a thin one;" at which the young man sighed sympathetically. Mrs. Belcovitch's distinguishing mark, however, was her medicine bottle. Becky, we are told, used to fill up the bottles with water, to save herself the trouble of going to fetch the medicine, but as Mrs. Belcovitch did not know this it made no difference. It will be seen that the mother of Becky is not without her characteristics.

❧

We hope that interest in Mr. Zangwill's play founded on *Children of the Ghetto* will stimulate more people to read the book. Like Mr. Barrie's *A Window in Thrums,* Mr. Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto* is a book apart from anything he has written; no matter what he may henceforth write, this book will stand alone as a classic of the Ghetto—the incarnation of a Dream that has not come true, but that still goes on.

❧

The hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's birthday falls on the 28th of August, and as we write, preparations are being made to celebrate this anniversary not only in his native city of Frankfort, but all over Germany and in various parts of the lettered world.

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Professor Dowden, in his delightful and informing chapter on "Goethe's Last Days," tells us how in 1833 (the year following that in which Goethe died) an eminent scholar and professor in Weimar, Dr. Wilhelm Weissenborn, wrote to a friend: "I find to my utter contrition that you want to know little Thackeray's direction at Paris. If he have the organ of adhesiveness sufficiently developed for the occasion to keep him at the same house in the same city till now, he is still drawing both breath and caricatures at the Hôtel Lille, in the Rue Richelieu. He wrote to me that he intended to stay at Paris for the winter." The "little Thackeray" had been in Weimar during the winter months of 1830 and 1831, and what Professor Dowden conjectured, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in her introduction to the first volume of the Biographical Edition of her father's works, has certified—that Thackeray, together with Dr. Norman Macleod and an old schoolmate, took lessons in German from this Dr. Weissenborn in 1830. In 1831 Thackeray, then about twenty, met Goethe, who was fast approaching the end of his days. In a chapter of reminiscences which Thackeray, years afterward, contributed by request to George Henry Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, we find this passage, in which the author of *Vanity Fair* described his introduction to Goethe:

I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This audience took place in a little antechamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neck-cloth, and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy; his eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called *Melnoth, the Wanderer*, which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

MRS. BELCOVITCH.

From a water-colour by Mark Zangwill.

Young Thackeray's delight in those days was to make caricatures for children, and he remarks that he was touched to find that they were remembered, and was very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of

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THE AUTHOR OF "THE SORROWS OF WERTHER."

them. Thackeray had a fond recollection of those happy days spent in Weimar, and, looking back upon them five and twenty years later, he could write: "I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried."

In this reminiscent letter about Goethe, Thackeray mentions that *Fraser's Magazine* when it came out with the admirable outline portraits—long celebrated in book form now as *The Maclise Portrait-Gallery*—was among the current English magazines and periodicals which interested Goethe, until there appeared that "very ghastly caricature of Mr. Rogers,

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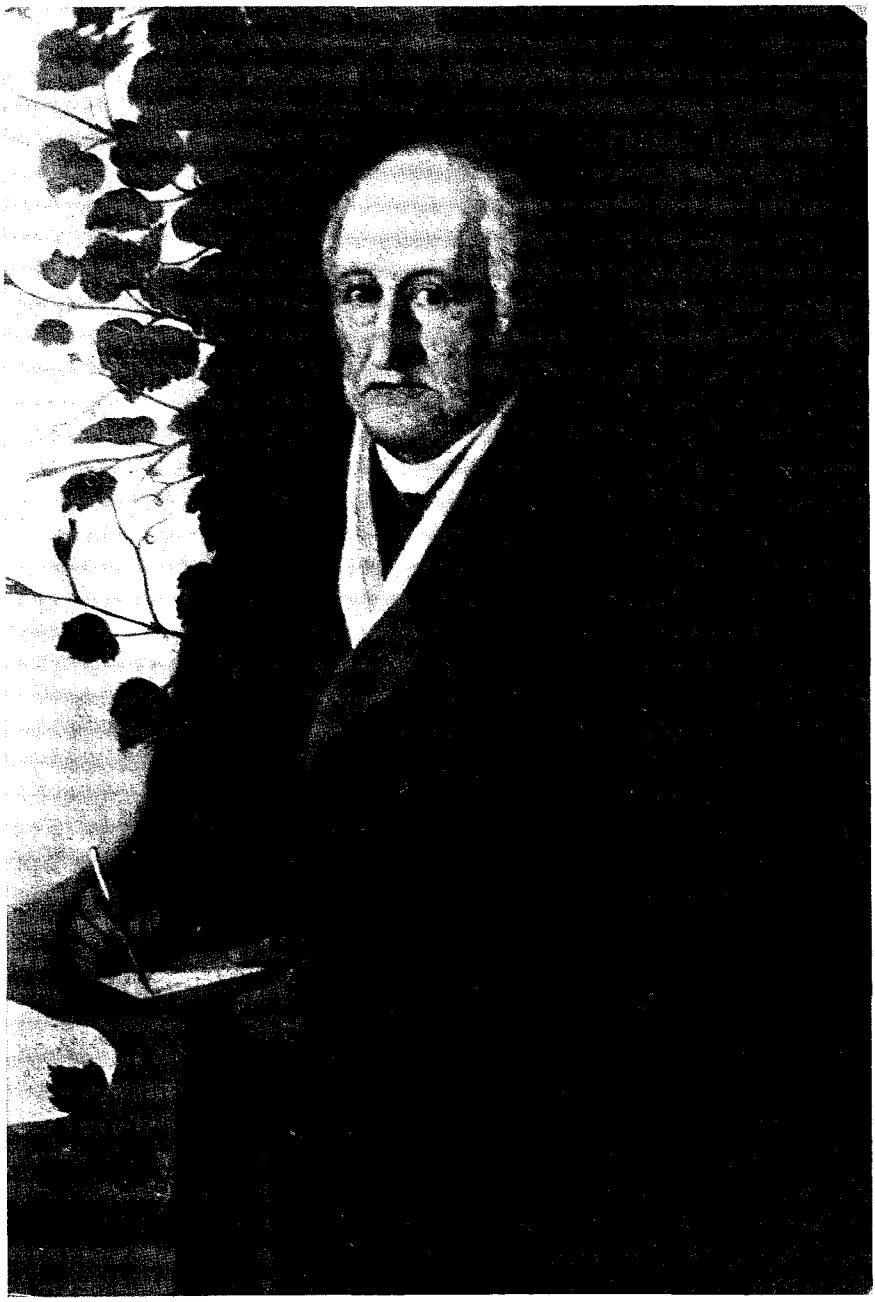

GOETHE AT EIGHTY.

which," wrote Thackeray, "as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. 'They would make me look like that,' he said; though, in truth, I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic and *healthy*-looking than the grand old Goethe." And yet the caricature which appeared in *Fraser's,* "resembling a wretched, old-clothes man, carrying behind his back a hat, which he seemed to have stolen," was, with much probability, attributed to Thackeray. It is significant that Thackeray had observed this pose of Goethe's ("he kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette"), and it is almost cer-

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THE AUTHOR OF "FAUST."

From "The Maclise Portrait-Gallery."

tain that Thackeray lent a hand on some of these caricatures, which for the most part were drawn by Daniel Maclise. Beyond the curious fact in itself we do not care to go, preferring to leave the "experts" to dogmatise on the subject.

Here is a sentence from a letter written by Goethe to Schiller in June, 1796, which all who concern themselves with the appreciation of literature may well lay to heart, and which contains encouragement for those who are not afraid to love well lest they might sometimes love unwisely:

> It seems to me when speaking of what is written as of what is done in act, that unless one utters one's self with affectionate sympathy, or even with a certain one-sided enthusiasm, the result is so small as to be hardly worth mentioning. Delight, pleasure, sympathy with things—this alone is real, and again calls forth reality; all else is empty and vain.

Victor Hugo's love letters are to be published, and the book, it is said, will be a worthy successor to the love letters of the Brownings. Hugo began these letters when he was eighteen years old. There are about one hundred and fifty, all addressed to Adèle Foucher, whom he afterward married. Mdlle. Foucher's parents objected because Hugo was poor, and because the young lady had no dowry, but finally they agreed to let her marry the penniless youth. After the marriage they went to live in a little flat, for which he paid $200 a year. The editor, M. Paul Meurice, says: "I have never laid eyes upon nobler human documents. They reveal during its most interesting period the inner life of the most illustrious literary man in the century." All the same, most people will feel that the Browning precedent should not be followed to any great extent.

This is how a British interviewer of Mr. Nat Goodwin puts the case for Nathan Hale: "Nathan Hall (*sic*), the American spy, hanged by the English in the War of Independence, who died, after exclaiming, 'Oh, that I had another life to devote to my country!'" As if one should say—"And all that sort of rot, you know!"

When Knighthood was in Flower has been published in England, and is meeting with a very favourable reception. The author has been hailed not inappropriately by several reviewers as the American Weyman.

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SEA SONNETS.

I.

Out with the tide—afar, afar, afar!
  Where will the wide dark take us, you and me—
  The darkness and the tempest and the sea?
How long we waited where the tall ships are,
Disconsolate and safe within the bar!
  Ocean forever calling us, but we—
  God, how we stifled there, nor dared be free
    With a sharp knife and night and the wild dare!
  But now, the hawser cut, adrift, away—
    Mad with escape, what care we to what doom
The bitter night may bear us? Lost, alone,
  In a vague world of roaring surge astray,
Out with the tide and into the unknown,
    Compassed about with rapture and the gloom!

II.

We two, waifs, wide-eyed and without fear,
  With the dark swirl of life about our prow,
The hollow, heedless swash of year on year
  That bears us on and recks not where nor how!
Our skiff is but a feather on the foam,
  No mighty galleon strong to meet the storm—
An open boat—God's gift to us for home,
  And but each other's arms to keep us warm!
What port for us to make? Our only star
  To steer by is the star of missing sails,
Our only haven where the kelpies are—
  Yet, you great merchantmen with freighted bales,
Rebel and lost and aimless as we go,
We keep a joy your pride can never know.

III.

Moon of my midnight! Moon of the dark sea,
  Where like a petrel's ghost my sloop is driven!
Behold, about me and under and over me,
  The darkness and the waters and the heaven—
Huge, shapeless monsters as of worlds in birth,
  Dragons of Fate, that hold me not in scope—
Bar up my way with fierce, indifferent mirth,
  And fall in giant frolic on my hope.
Their next mad rush may whelm me in the wave,
  The dreaded horror of the sightless deep—
Only thy love, like moonlight, pours to save
  My soul from the despairs that lunge and leap.
Moon of my night, though hell and death assail,
The tremble of thy light is on my sail.

Richard Hovey.

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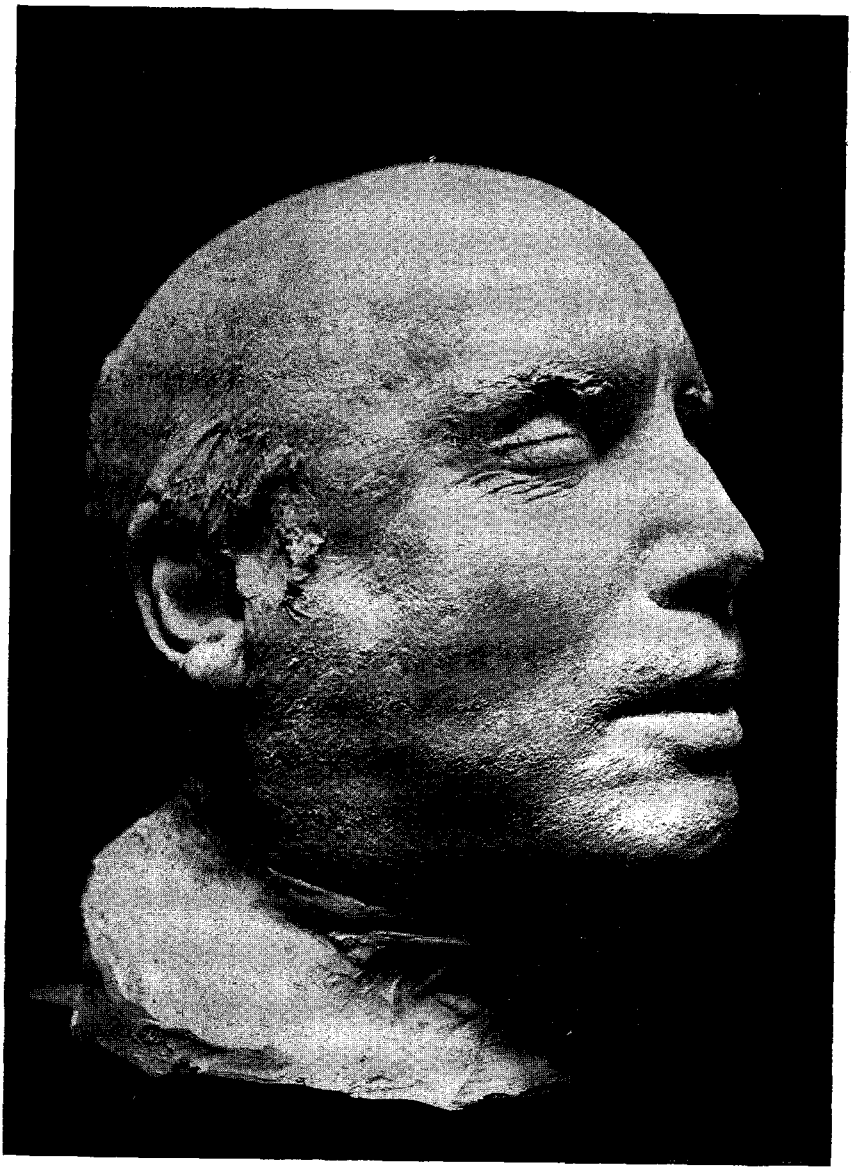

THE DEATH MASK OF ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, MADE BY GEORGE GREY BARNARD, THE SCULPTOR.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

For more than twenty years the name of Robert Ingersoll has been known to all his countrymen. On the day when, in the Republican Convention of 1876, he rose to urge the nomination of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency of the United States, his reputation ceased to be a merely local one, and in a short half-hour had become distinctly national. That Convention was almost the last of the really great conventions of our history, and it was an occasion to stimulate to supreme activity the latent powers of every one who shared in its exciting scenes. The battle fought, there was a battle destined again and again to be renewed in after years—a battle, indeed, that never truly ended until the most brilliant figure of our later politics had been removed by death. Here was the real beginning of a contest which

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centred in the political fortunes of an individual, and its profoundest lesson is that which teaches us the extraordinary power of personality. This strife went on with scarce a lull for seventeen long years; it coloured the entire political history of that eventful period; it divided and at last defeated a party whose record of victories had been unbroken for a quarter of a century; and hence, as its ultimate result, it swept away forever the issues and the interests that had dominated American public life since the outbreak of the Civil War.

The Convention of 1876 was in all its phases one of an intensely dramatic interest. For the first time since 1864, the leaders of the Republican party admitted to themselves the possibility of disaster at the polls. The revolt against Grant in 1872, although the ineptitude of those who led it made its actual outcome seem abortive and ridiculous, was none the less a sinister and ominous event. It revealed the presence of a serious discontent within the party ranks, and it showed that some of the ablest leaders were beginning to grow restive under the conditions that existed. It proved, moreover, that the familiar party cries had lost much of their effectiveness, and that the living questions of the day were growing more and more insistent. Hence the choice of a leader by the Convention was a matter of most serious moment; for at last the time had come when a nomination by no means, as in the recent past, could be regarded as assuring the certainty of election.

Again, the character of the men who met there to deliberate and of the men whose interests were represented gave to the proceedings a serious dignity such as has been sadly missing in the conventions of the past decade. Among those who were most before the minds of the assembled delegates, there were some of a really national renown. The astute and wary Sherman, the urbane and eloquent Garfield, Bristow whose unflinching honesty of purpose made him appear to many an ideal candidate after the political debauchery which had tainted the administration of President Grant, and the arrogant but powerful Conkling—theirs were but a few of the names that were continually spoken; while in the background, with no official recognition from the apprehensive party managers, but forever present to their nervous fancy, loomed up the portentous possibility of a demand for Grant—a demand in violation of political traditions and fraught with utter ruin to the party, yet one which might at any time be thrust upon the gathering by those reckless delegates whom the administration leaders held in the hollow of their hands.

Yet it was in the personal and political fortunes of Mr. Blaine that the chief interest of the Convention centred. For the first time, that able, impetuous, and resourceful leader appeared to have secured an opportunity to seize the undisputed guidance of his party, and, as a result, the headship of the nation. In the very prime of his powers, with a reputation for audacity that had been gaining him admirers for the ten preceding years, gifted with a ready eloquence that could at will be tactfully adapted either to the halls of legislation or to great popular assemblies, and possessing also a personal fascination that bound men to him by an almost passionate devotion, at last the hour seemed near when the ambition of his life might readily be gratified. He had secured, in advance of the Convention's meeting, a plurality of all the delegates, and there appeared to be good reasons for believing that the contagious enthusiasm of his followers might readily convert this plurality into a majority. For the delegates who came to give their acclamations and their votes to Mr. Blaine had most certainly not come there in the spirit of men who are to discharge a perfunctory and usual duty in a perfunctory and usual way. They were there because their very hearts and souls were bound up in their leader, because they loved him and admired him beyond expression, because he had inspired them with that intense devotion which in other days and by other men had been given to Henry Clay. His cause was theirs; his triumph also would be theirs. It was the beginning of a long struggle that was destined to reach a melancholy end; but none of them as yet foresaw that end; there had been as yet no check, no disappointment, no prevision of disaster; so that to the sublime enthusiasm which they never lost, there was added a splendid confi-

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dence, a magnificent hopefulness, which in itself seemed almost to command success.

It was, therefore, no purely formal duty that was to be discharged when, in the midst of that great hall, and surrounded by a vast assemblage whose tumultuous shouts were stilled at once into a deathlike silence, Colonel Ingersoll arose to bring officially before the delegates the name of James G. Blaine. The moment was historic; the issues were profoundly vital and far-reaching; the prize at stake was the greatest for which Americans contend; and before the orator had uttered half a dozen sentences it was felt instinctively by all that he had risen with consummate ease and perfect power to the full height of his opportunity.

Convention oratory is not to be tested by the standard that we apply to the eloquence of Demosthenes or Pitt or Webster. It is essentially rhetorical; it is an appeal to the emotions, to sentiment, to pride, to loyalty, to prejudice; it is not directed to the intellectual faculties at all. Yet, in its way, it may still be fine and worthy of an intelligent admiration even when read over afterward in cold blood and without the thrilling accompaniment of the incarnate passion that pierces its spoken words with fire, and follows them with the tempestuous thunders of a sublimely mad enthusiasm. All oratory, in the end, is most fairly judged by its adaptation to the circumstances of its utterance; and from this standpoint Colonel Ingersoll's short speech was almost perfect of its kind. It was pure rhetoric; yet it was that sublimated rhetoric which is not elaborated in the closet, but which gets its potency from the swift inspiration of the moment; and which is charged with electricity, with human feeling, with elemental passion. It was the rhetoric of Corwin and not the rhetoric of Everett.

We have dwelt thus fully upon a single incident of Colonel Ingersoll's career, not because it was in itself and by itself especially significant; for other men have made as apt and quite as eloquent addresses; but because in his case it was important in relation to his subsequent career. It was by this nominating speech that he first became well known to the American people, and in the Presidential campaign that followed, his services as a speaker on the stump materially added to his reputation. That is to say, it was as Ingersoll the political orator and not as Ingersoll the militant agnostic that men first learned to think of him. And this, as we have said, was most important; since otherwise he never would have gained the hearing which he afterward secured for his polemical addresses on the subject of religion. Had he in the first place sought for widespread recognition as an opponent of Christianity and of revealed religion, he would, no doubt, have gathered audiences; yet they would not have been precisely the same kind of audiences, nor would his gift of rhetoric, his wit and his audacity have secured the serious consideration that was long accorded to him. But, as it happened, the whole country had eagerly acclaimed him in his political capacity before it had had a chance to see and hear him in his rôle of theological iconoclast, and this made all the difference in the world. Those who had eagerly drunk in his eloquence as a political advocate could not refuse to take him seriously as a controversialist; those who followed him as a guide in matters of the State felt bound to give him at least a hearing on the other topics that he chose to speak upon. Hence it came about that instead of declaiming to the sort of audiences that usually gather to applaud the peripatetic infidel with whom every one is more or less familiar —a crowd of illiterate or half-educated men, of long-haired agitators and obscene fanatics—Colonel Ingersoll delivered his attacks on Christianity before audiences made up in part, at least, of intelligent, serious-minded, influential men and women. The political partisan had won a hearing for the professional atheist.

It is, indeed, as a professional atheist that Colonel Ingersoll is destined to be now remembered. The political fortunes of Mr. Blaine to which he had at first attached himself were shipwrecked in the cataclysm of 1884; and it is even said that between the two men there finally arose a coolness verging on dislike. Moreover, Colonel Ingersoll, in spite of his first strikingly dramatic effort, never added to his reputation as a political orator; of late years he let that reputation slowly die. As a jury lawyer his services were always in request, yet he never stood out in conspicuous pre-eminence

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above the other members of the legal profession. It was, in the end, entirely as an agnostic and as a public opponent of all Christian teaching that men came to think of him; and hence it is only in this aspect of his career that his life and influence demand of us a careful estimate.

Now, in forming such an estimate we may at once ignore as foreign to our purpose certain facts that have been largely dwelt upon in the notices called forth by his sudden death. For instance, the question of his private character can have no possible importance here. We are glad to believe that in all the relations of domestic life and in his various dealings as a man with men, he was a model of benevolence, of kindness, of integrity, of honour. No one has questioned this; and even had it been so questioned, the fact could not be pertinent to our discussion. Indeed, it is not easy to perceive just why his private virtues have been so breathlessly brought forward and detailed with so much strenuous insistence; for surely husbands who are faithful, fathers who are loving, and friends who are generous and sympathetic, are not so rare in this our world as to make of them phenomena to be noted in the annals of the age. These facts, at any rate, concern his friends and family alone, and can have no bearing on the broader question that is now before us.

Nor is it worth one's while to take into account the soundness or the reasonableness of the views he advocated. His opinions, merely as opinions, do not concern us. That he had no positive belief in any form of religious faith, that he found no reason for accepting the existence of a God, that he viewed the Christian Church as nothing but the relic of a waning superstition, that he held the Bible to be a mere collection of incongruous myths, that he rejected with contempt and derision the Deity whom other men adore, and that to him the faith which has survived through all the centuries alike the shock of persecution and the corroding power of time, seemed but a tribute to the power of priestly imposture and the weak credulity of unthinking men—all these things can have no place in our discussion. To touch upon the truth or the falsity of his opinions would be only to lose sight of our main purpose and to become involved in the bewildering labyrinth of theological debate. His doubt and his unbelief were honest doubt and honest unbelief, and as such they are entitled to the same respect that we accord to the unshaken faith of other men. Indeed, for the purpose of the moment, we may even go still further and assume that he was right, that Christianity is in truth a superstition, and its history a fable; that it has no hold on reason; and that the book from which it draws in part its teaching and its inspiration is only an inconsistent chronicle of old-world myths. Let us assume all this, and let us still inquire what final judgment should be passed upon the man who held these views and strove so hard to make them universal. Of course, from the theological standpoint there will always be two judgments—one the condemnatory judgment of the orthodox believer, and the other the judgment of the consistent skeptic; but if the teaching and the influence of Colonel Ingersoll be dispassionately viewed upon their purely social, human side, there can be, we are certain, but a single verdict.

The first consideration that we call to mind is not perhaps one of the gravest moment, yet still it cannot possibly be overlooked. Colonel Ingersoll did not believe in any of the doctrines that make up the creed of Christian men, and he appeared to think it something like a duty to extend his unbelief to others. He knew that the vast majority of enlightened men and women cherished the very faith that he attacked. He knew, though he often affected to ignore the fact, that a strong belief in revealed religion was not the special attribute of doddering old men, of intellectual weaklings, of dotards and of simpletons; but that it was a moving force with thousands of those who were superior to him alike in mind and training. For Colonel Ingersoll was in no respect a thinker. He had received a good professional training; he had read a reasonable amount of standard literature; and he possessed the oratorical temperament, with a liberal fund of wit and racy humour. But that was all. He had none of the scholar's thoroughness and the scholar's sobriety of thought. His controversial addresses when stripped of all their rhetoric, their pungent phraseology and their often rather unsavoury jokes ex-

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hibit absolutely nothing that had not been advanced a hundred years before Colonel Ingersoll was born. His criticisms on the Bible were mainly taken from the writings of Thomas Paine; his "arguments" against the truth of revelation have been the common property of infidels for centuries. He added nothing whatsoever to the literature of the subject, nor to the strength of the agnostic position. All that can be styled his own is to be found in the bits of declamation, the flights of rhetoric, the neatness of expression and also in the gibes and jeers, the ludicrous similes, the irreverent stories and the pointed jests with which the old material was seasoned and made for the moment to appear original and startling. In his religious controversies as in his political controversies, Colonel Ingersoll was at the most a glorified stump-speaker —precisely the sort of person to please the fancy and tickle the ears of a miscellaneous crowd, but with nothing in his utterances to convince or seriously concern a thoughtful man. It is, indeed (and this is the first point that we wish to make), the very manner of his polemical addresses that must lead an impartial critic to condemn him. He attacked religious faith in precisely the same spirit and with precisely the same free and easy manner that he showed in attacking what he regarded as political error. Yet political opinions and religious faith are very different things, and they appeal in very different ways to those who hold them. A political tenet is ephemeral; it is subject to modification, to change, to abandonment altogether. It takes no hold upon one's deeper nature. It is like the clothes one wears or the fashion one adopts. Its nature is utilitarian or, at the utmost, intellectual. Religious faith, on the other hand, is first of all a strong conviction that is above and beyond mere reason and expediency. Its roots strike down into the very depths of human consciousness. They touch the heart, the sympathies and the emotions. They lay strong hold on life itself, and they are the chords to which all being can be made to vibrate with a passionate intensity which nothing else can call to life. For his political belief a man will give his time, his money and the labour of his brain and hands; but for his religious faith he will lay down his life. And this is so because religion is not the handmaid of one's casual hours—a thing that one takes up and looks at superciliously and only half adopts. Its sway begins for most of us with consciousness itself; its memories go back to earliest childhood; it is as fundamental as the thought of home, of family, of country; and as the years go by each one as it departs gives to that faith a deeper meaning, in linking it with all the mysteries of life and death, of joy, of hope, of loss, of sorrow and of consolation. The faith of a believer, then, is not a part of his material life alone; it is the sanctuary of his soul, and redolent of all that is sacred and intimate and tender.

And this is why we could not pardon Colonel Ingersoll for the manner of his propaganda, even did we share his unbelief. The religion that he mocked, the ancient faith on which he cracked his jokes, the Book over whose marvellous pages he was wont to utter loud guffaws, were to many millions the most precious, the most wonderful and the most beautiful possession of their lives, the source of all that was good and spiritual in them, a refuge in distress, a comfort in adversity, a guide and an inspiration through their whole existence here on earth. Now, if Colonel Ingersoll honestly and conscientiously believed that it was his duty to shake their faith, to refute their error and to tear from them a belief that he supposed a false one, then at the very least he should have respected the sincerity of their convictions, and have laid his hand upon them gently and with reverence, and not burst into the sacred silence of their devotion with the raucous bellowing of an itinerant stump-speaker and the clowning of a vulgar mountebank.

A phrase of Mr. Gladstone here suggests a happy parallel. If one of us possessed a dear and intimate friend whom he had known from childhood up, so that he held his honour as his own, and if he had become convinced that the wife of such a friend was unfaithful and unchaste, he might, perhaps, by virtue of his friendship, deem it finally his duty to disclose what he had learned, in order that his friend might cease to be deceived and to be covered with dishonour. He might, we say, feel this to be his duty; but if he did so, how would he begin the revelation? Would he not speak with hesita-

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tion and regret, and in the most reserved and careful language, with all the delicacy of phrase and feeling at his command, and with the most sensitive unwillingness to give unnecessary pain? Or would he slap his friend upon the back and tell the story with a snicker, in the coarsest language of the brothel and interspersed with Rabelaisian jokes? To those who hold the faith in all sincerity, religion is if anything more sacred even than the home; yet Colonel Ingersoll preferred to make his public utterances against it in this very spirit—the spirit of one who lacked the finest instincts of a high-bred gentleman, and who, if indeed he felt that he was acting in the line of duty, did so in the character of a paid public entertainer for his own personal profit, feeling pleased and proud if he could evoke over the most solemn of all themes the hee-haws of a reckless rabble.

Colonel Ingersoll, then, may very fairly be condemned for the methods and the manner in which he chose to perform what he professed to think a duty. But we approach a far more vital part of the discussion when we come to ask how far he was justified in dignifying his performance by the name of duty. The man who holds a positive belief, who thinks that there has been revealed to him a great and glorious truth, who honestly regards himself as being in possession of a doctrine whose acceptance will increase the happiness and the contentment of his fellow-men, may well invoke the name of duty. But one who holds to nothing positive, who only can destroy, and who has naught to give, what obligation, save that of a sorrowful silence, rests on him? What honour is there for the champion of pure negation? Let us look at this question from the standpoint of Colonel Ingersoll himself. If death ends all, if the hope of immortality is a delusion, and if there is no richer, fuller and more glorious existence possible beyond the grave, then this life here on earth is all we have to live, and our one concern must be to fill it full of happiness. We owe no duty to the future; the present is the only thing of which we can be certain; we must in every way seek after what will make that present more delightful; we must not cast away one single element that makes for peace and pleasure and contentment. But if a thinking man holds this to be the truth, and if he looks about him and discerns the life of men and women as it is, he will at once perceive that to the lives of millions upon millions it is the Christian faith and the Christian hope that bring the largest share of such contentment as they have. The unquestioning believer never feels the loneliness of isolation; he never lacks the comfort that arises from eternal hope; in sickness and in sorrow and at the very gates of death his faith supports him as by an invisible hand within his own; while beyond the darkness of the fleeting moment there is always seen the golden glimmer of that eternal promise on which his soul relies forever. Grant, if you will, that he is wrong, that his belief is a delusion, that he is buoyed up by unrealities; and still it is not easy to explain just why it is one's duty to destroy his faith, to quench for him the light, to cast him shuddering into darkness and despair, to rob him of his only source of consolation. For if this life on earth be all of life, then who shall dare to say that duty bids the utterance of a single word to make it barer, blacker and more dreadful to endure? So far from doing this, the unbeliever who is animated by a true benevolence should hide his unbelief and keep it as a fearful secret; for in the preaching of it to the destruction of that faith which gives serenity and happiness, there is something little less than devilish.

Grant also, if you will, that all the doctrines of revealed religion are without authority; yet who can fail to see that the life which they inculcate is the purest, noblest, most self-sacrificing life that men can live? Mercy and truth and honour and chastity and justice all find their most sublime expression in the Book which the believer reverences. How can it be the duty of a wise, far-seeing man to foul with mockery and cynical contempt the source of such a wondrous influence for good? What have you gained when you have taught the simple-minded man to look with doubt and serious mistrust upon the volume whence from childhood he has drawn his motives for an upright, honest, honourable life? Will you supply an ethical system of your own? This you may try to do, just as did Colonel Ingersoll; for he at times put forth some generalities on the value of good works and of good will toward

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men; yet when you have succeeded in destroying that belief which gives vitality to moral teaching, it is never easy to build up a substitute; and if men begin to find it difficult to accept the doctrine of an omniscient Deity, they will find it quite as difficult to pin their faith to an omniscient Ingersoll. And so whether we regard it as a question of mere happiness or whether we prefer to think of it upon its purely ethical and moral side, there is only one conclusion to be fairly drawn. Let him who cannot honestly believe hold to his doubt or to his unbelief: yet if he speaks one word to shake the faith of others, then he assumes a terrible responsibility; for he is destroying that in place of which he can have absolutely nothing to bestow. The feeling which animates the sincere and high-minded man who doubts, is, we think, most finely and faithfully expressed in the well-known lines of Matthew Arnold:

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
Thou makest the heaven thou hopest indeed thy home.

Robert Ingersoll is dead. Death came to him with swiftness and without a warning. Whether he was even conscious of his end no man can say. It may be that before the spark grew quite extinct there was for him a moment of perception—that one appalling moment when within a space of time too brief for human computation the affrighted mind as it reels upon the brink of dissolution, flashes its vivid thought through all the years of its existence and perceives the final meaning of them all. If such a moment came to him, and as the light of day grew dim before his dying eyes, his mind looked backward through the past, there can have been small consolation in the thought that in all the utterances of his public teaching and in all the phrases of his fervid eloquence there was nothing that could help to make the life of man on earth more noble or more spiritual or more truly worth the living.

Harry Thurston Peck.

LOVE'S INSPIRATION.

Weary of all this useless, pointless life,
Wasted in wondering what were best to do—
Where nothing is, but only may be, true—
And deeds are left undone while doubts are rife,

Baffled, perplexed, at last I curse the strife,
And knowing all I might be, sit and view
The nothing that I am; and thought is rue,
And hope a scourge, and memory a knife!

Then comes the thought of thee, then comes thy face,
And, stronger than "I ought" or "will" or "must,"
The power of a noble woman's trust
Uplifts me, drives me from my grovelling-place;
So manned anew, anew I strive to be
All that thy high ideal claims of me.

Curtis Hidden Page.

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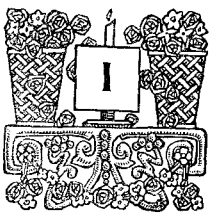
THE SYSTEMATIC EPIGRAM



F there are quick and business-like ways of making epigrams, there is no reason why a writer should not use them. The only question is whether the result betrays the process, and even if it does reveal its factory origin as plainly as pressed glass, it will not on that account lose value to many readers or to many writers for the newspapers and reviews. In recent fiction there are signs that epigram-making has sunk from an art to an industry. From *Dodo* and *The Green Carnation* to *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* and *The Double Thread* there have been a good many novels and plays in which the epigrammatic manner has been cultivated with what is popularly regarded as success. The writers have very naturally profited by each other's example. Not that they have actually copied, for that was unnecessary; but they have unconsciously co-operated in developing a uniform method. In seeking their end along the line of least resistance they have hit upon a mechanical device, what you might almost call an epigram mould, by which raw material may be cast in epigrammatic form as readily as melted lead into bullets. Being clever people, all of them, they have sprinkled a few genuine epigrams among the others, and they have furthermore put other good things into their books, whose merits in a general way we respectfully acknowledge. But it is really some one's duty to come to the defence of the old-fashioned epigram and save the honour of its name. Literary criticism, having fallen on evil days, has not done so, and the author feels the gentle praise pattering evenly on his good things and his bad. This is not good for the author's character, and it is cruelly unjust to the reader, who is forever being bidden to eat of the apples of Sodom. Of course, we cannot in these days expect the critics to scrutinise closely all the books that pass, but as the police of literature, they owe society the duty of warning it against offences of the graver kind, and none is worse than the crime against humour. Nothing so fatally classifies a man as the sort of things he laughs at. Nothing so petrifies the sympathies as another's enjoyment of a bad joke. And the degradation of the epigram is an offence of this sort. It is, therefore, worth while to inquire whether the systematic methods now in use do tend to degrade it.

Now, the custom-made epigram is put together by observing a few definite rules, of which the common principle is that the reader must sustain a certain gentle shock. To this end there must be a suggestion of suddenness and unwontedness, an effect which, in the case of the genuine epigram, arises from the novelty of the thought itself as well as from its novel and compact form of expression. But this is not the only means of giving the desired impression. A transitory effect of the same general nature can be produced by merely perverting a truism, or by putting a negative into an axiom, or by transposing a commonplace moral, or by asserting the converse of the generally accepted. Thus,

> Accuracy is the one unpardonable defect.
>
> A husband who committed crimes I might love, but a husband who made mistakes I should assuredly loathe.
>
> People with proper pride are as difficult to deal with as people with delicate digestions
>
> What we want is a muzzling order for all sincere and truth-speaking persons.

Here we have method; we see the pulse of the machine, as Wordsworth said about the young lady. They are all taken from the first few pages of Miss Fowler's *Double Thread,* and each has a score of counterparts in every chapter. We choose this book merely because it is recent. A dozen others whose epigrammatic style has been the theme of reviewers would do as well, if they had not been forgotten. With many they and their analogues pass as really bright sayings, and yet how very simple the mechanism and how very uniform the result! Each is merely the denial of a commonplace with intent to surprise. And does it really surprise? Not in the least. With a soul most hospitable to surprises, and with a really conscientious desire to be startled, you await the next one only to find yourself guessing the end upon reading the first

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two words. Therein lies the danger of literary systematisation. You grow angry at the identity of the product. The fatal ease with which these "epigrams" are made, their regular monotonous recurrence, above all, the little flaunting challenge to your exhausted admiration, combine to bore you as only those people can bore who have been incited by indiscreet praise to the inhuman repetition of some small trick. Each is the husk of a joke, the formal semblance of a witticism. Little antithetical word-juggles ring in your ears afterward and make you nervous. Of all the stage properties of literature, they are the most annoying, but they will persist, say what you will, for they economise invention. Why go to the expense of deviating when the old patterns are doing so well? That is where economics and literature intersect to the damage of the latter.

In novels you will notice that the systematic epigram is the invariable adjunct of fashionable life. Vast wealth and absolutely illimitable worldly knowledge make up its background. Another conventional requisite is an all-pervasive *blaséness*, a *blaséness* that swaggers and talks about itself. Your *blasé* man in the novel is indefatigable. He calls at a dozen houses in the day to tell the hostesses how *blasé* he is. It is the kind of *blaséness* that makes itself felt, even in the very last row of seats in the third gallery. There is no more lusty, vigorous life than his, for he must dash at a moment's notice to any place where there is a virtuous sentiment to be languidly laughed at. Into this atmosphere there is brought a young and wholly unspotted person with a literal habit of mind, and the *blasé* people all set upon him and try to shock him by saying that it is foolish to marry for love. It always works. He never ceases to be shocked, and his exclamations of surprise or wrath serve as guide-posts to the systematic epigram. This is the device by which the author leads his own applause.

"Love-making, my dear boy, is doubtless a most agreeable pastime. But marriage is a remunerative profession." At which the literal-minded hero longs to defy the *blasé* man and brand his philosophy of life as a lie.

"Human nature is a contemptible thing, but I have a certain liking for it. For one thing, I understand it, and it amuses me." A sentiment so blighting and so bitter that it fairly corrodes the hearer's heart.

"I always hate a man with a sense of honour, just as I hate a woman with conscientious scruples." Some one is greatly startled by this speech, and the author of it is greeted by a chorus of "How clever!" wherever she goes.

The only value of these citations lies in the fact that they are typical. A few isolated cases would prove nothing, but the endless repetition of things like these reveals a set purpose and a rigid method. That the results should be called epigrams or the author's style epigrammatic is unfortunate, since it encourages others to believe that they can be witty by rote and sparkle according to formula. The writers are so persistently and obviously on the strain, so self-conscious and so regardful of effect, that it is really painful—painful with its suggestion of balked endeavour. And again, to take a broad, humanitarian stand, the world is the worse for it. It is the hypocrisy of humour. It promises laughter and produces yawns, and in so doing darkens *ennui* with a tinge of disappointment.

From this point of view, then, the systematic epigram is pernicious, and should be discouraged. It represents a false aim, attained by a monotonous method. It is merely a cultivated mannerism, and has no more to do with the real style of a book than the high hand-shake with a man's good breeding. It should pass, because it is annoying to the reader and takes up too much of the author's time. And with it should go the whole accompaniment of industrious *blaséness*, energetic cynicism and preposterous and literal-minded innocence. The mechanism is too apparent and the result too uniform. It is demanded that the author's mind shall work some change in the matter that goes through it. The machinery has become too good; any one can run it.

Frank Moore Colby.

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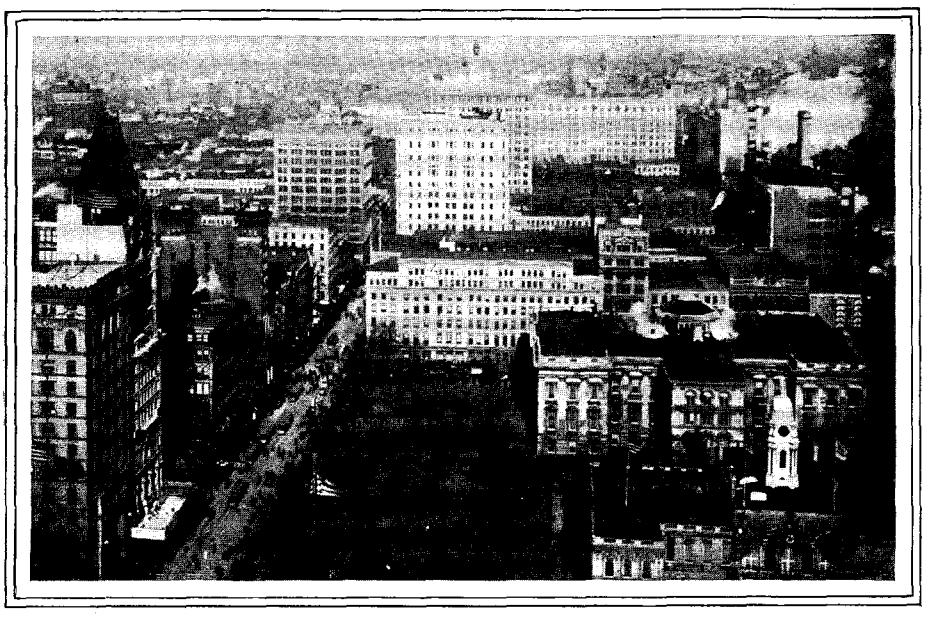

NEW YORK IN FICTION

Described and Pictured by Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part I

Old and Proletarian New York

IT is generally understood that the great American novel, of which we have heard so much, and for which we have been waiting so long, must in every sense be free from provincialism and localism. For instance, it cannot be distinctively a story of the Creoles of Louisiana, or of Carolina plantation life, or of the ranch, the mining-camp, the chaparral, or of the people of Maine, or of the people of Western New York. There must be a broad canvas: it must deal with the great common principles of our national life; its characters must be Americans, not Virginians or Texans or Kansans or Georgians. The two novels of recent years that have been hailed as the great American novel—*King Noanett* and *Hugh Wynne*—both dealt with periods when American life was confined to a region that extended only a few hundred miles inland from the Atlantic coast. The vastness, the complexity of modern life, were absent. The Civil War is to all practical purposes a virgin literary field. The stories that we have of it have been almost entirely tales of the battle-field, the camp, the bivouac, all smoke and cannon glare; the life behind we have not seen, nor the wide and tremendous moral and geographical sweep of that struggle, nor its influence on homely destinies, on obscure lives. For instance, to take up a tale that is old and yet ever new, the marvel of *Vanity Fair* is in the manner in which Thackeray bound up the life of an insignificant little English girl, living quietly by Bloomsbury Square, in the last fateful rush of the Imperial eagles. Indeed, an American novelist might do worse than to take a few ideas from the Waterloo chapters and paint for us the rout of senators, congressmen, lobbyists, adventuresses—the pageant of frills and furbelows and champagne hampers moving out gaily

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JACOB DOLPH'S HOUSE, NO. 7 STATE STREET.—BUNNER.

from Washington to the battle-field of Bull Run, which was to be a spectacle, a sort of opera bouffe—with just enough of carnage and bloodshed to give a fillip to the emotions; then, later, the horror, the grim humour of that frenzied flight.

I.

THE NOVELISTS GEOGRAPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

It would be useless to attempt to treat the streets and haunts of any individual New York novelist as the London of Charles Dickens has been very often treated, as the London of Thackeray has been treated once or twice, notably in Mr. William H. Rideing's entertaining *Thackeray's London,* a book which, however, deals as much with the London in which Thackeray lived as the London of which Thackeray wrote; and as the Paris of Honoré de Balzac might be admirably treated by a Parisian who brought to the task an infinite patience, industry and sympathy. In the first place, there is no writer sufficiently dominant. With a few notable exceptions, the novelists who have written of New York life have made very little use of its local colour. Certain phases of its sociological life have been entirely ignored. The reader who spends very many hours with books of New York fiction often finds, after wading through a thick volume that at first sight seems as if it must be drenched with the spirit of the city, nothing beyond the information that some individual—usually of no vital importance to the narrative—lived, let us say, on West Thirty-seventh Street or somewhere on the East Side. A residence on West Thirty-seventh Street is quite meaningless, and the "East Side" is very vast and unsatisfying and noncommittal. The fault, however, does not lie entirely with the novelists.

It was in 1807 that the City Commissioners, with a curious disregard of what succeeding generations of New Yorkers might have to say in the matter, mapped out the entire island north of Waverley Place into squares. Then and there was dealt a vital blow to the fiction that was to deal with the city's life. Since that time New York has undergone almost with every decade kaleidoscopic changes. Whole neighbourhoods have become obsolete. It is only of recent years that the

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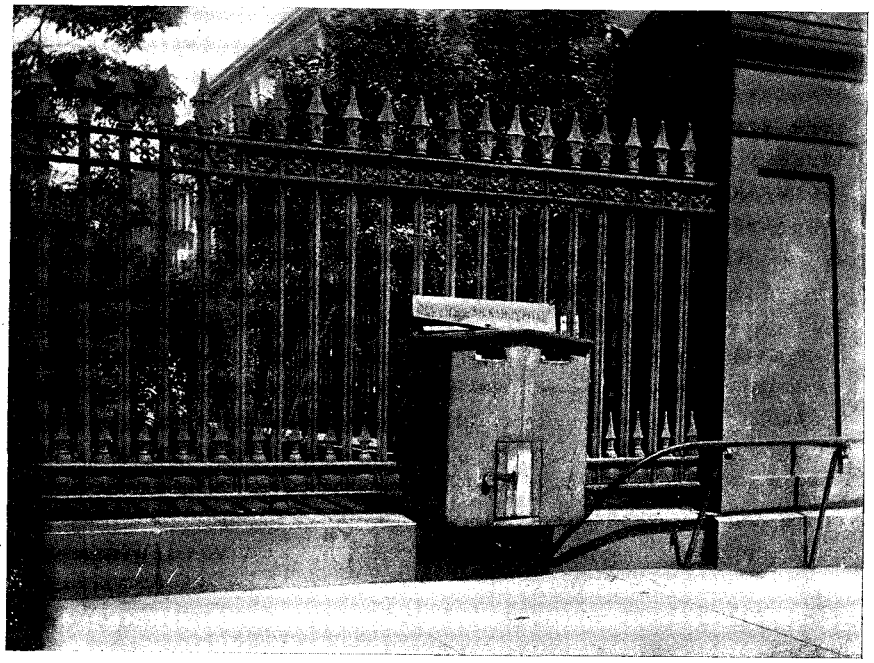

"THE LITTLE RED BOX OF VESEY STREET."—BUNNER.

traditions and the associations of the old town have had a meaning, that the streets have been more than mere thoroughfares. This change has been largely due to the revival of interest in the literature dealing with the subject—to the letters of the late "Felix Oldboy," to Mr. Haswell's *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian,* to Mr. Thomas Janvier's *In Old New York* and Mr. Dayton's *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life.* However, the poetic, the symbolic side, is absent. New York has yet to be shown to us as living, feverish, incarnate.

In the concluding chapter of *Le Père Goriot,* Balzac made Eugène de Rastignac declare war against Paris from the heights of the cemetery of Père Lachaise; Zola, standing with the Abbé Pierre on the sacred crest of Montmartre, sees the great city lying like a gigantic lizard in the sun; always a personified, capricious, changing Paris, now "a Paris of mystery, shrouded by clouds," "Paris which the divine sun had sown with light;" Tennyson is rapt in contemplation of the lights of London, lurid against the sky; it is impossible not to feel the splendid significance of Thackeray's "great squares and streets of Vanity Fair"; Dickens, studying London from London Bridge, is submerged, swept out of himself, by its incarnate immensity and mystery. But Dickens's sweeps and orphans and beadles were English; the human dregs who people Balzac's books, or Eugène Sue's, or Guy de Maupassant's or Émile Zola's are Frenchmen; whereas, between the New York novelist, who wishes to deal with proletarian types, and his subject there is usually the barrier of race. The novelists who have made the most of the city's streets as backgrounds are, as a rule, associated with certain quarters and phases of the metropolis. Thus, Richard Harding Davis, who during the last few years has in his books forsaken both New York and Philadelphia, his first love, for the shores of the Mediterranean and imaginary South American republics, wrote best of Fifth Avenue—Fifth Avenue between Waverley Place and the Plaza—the frockcoated, top-hatted, five-o'clock-in-the-afternoon world which ignores the great stretch of the city that lies between Washington Square

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PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE AND PARK ROW.

and Fulton Street; Henry Harland (Sidney Luska), in his earlier and more vigorous work (the work done at three o'clock in the morning with a wet towel bound around his head), delighted in quaint streets and houses of the upper East Side overlooking the river; Edgar Fawcett, in Squatter territory in old Second Avenue; F. Hopkinson Smith, in that part of New York which lies near the clock tower of Jefferson Market, although he can also write very entertainingly of Washington Square and Gramercy Park and Staten Island; Edward W. Townsend, in Chinatown and Mulberry Bend; Abraham Cahan, in the Ghetto; Thomas Janvier, in West Ninth Street and Tompkins Square. It is the same with Bunner, with Marion Crawford, with Howells, Henry James, Julian Ralph, Stephen Crane, Brander Matthews.

Among those men who seem so thoroughly enamoured of the city's history and traditions as to have been strongly moved by its rush and turmoil and perplexity, Bunner is unique. He once wrote somewhere:

> Why do I love New York, my dear?
> I do not know; were my father here,
> And *his*, and HIS, the three and I
> Might between us make you some reply.

His affection for the old town was very profound and sincere. He felt very keenly the significance of the phrase, "little old New York"—a phrase which, though applied to a city that is not so very old, and is certainly not little, is none the less sincere and sympathetic. In his books he makes us feel how much he would have liked to have seen the old beaux with their bell-crown hats ogling the crinolined ladies on lower Broadway of a spring or a summer afternoon. How he pored over the old chronicles in the hope of seeing the ghosts of old vanities and follies and wickednesses rise up out of their graves and dance, smirk and gibber again!

II.

THE BATTERY—BOWLING GREEN—WALL STREET—BUNNER'S NEW YORK.

Of the city of the poets and novelists of the first half of the century there is but little trace. The quaint homes of the people of Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York* belong to the irrevocable past; the Broadway of which Paul-

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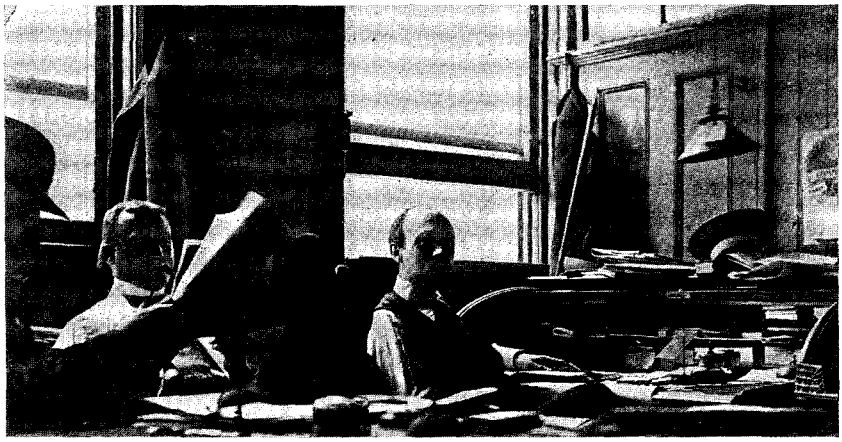

THE CITY EDITOR'S DESK—J. L. WILLIAMS'S "THE CITY EDITOR'S CONSCIENCE."

ding, Halleck, Willis, Drake and Clarke, the "mad poet," sung is very different from the Broadway of the closing years of the century. We can find the cottage at Fordham in which Poe lived, and follow Cooper's Harvey Birch through rapidly changing Westchester, but the New York of brick and stone belongs essentially to the work of the younger literary generation. Bunner seems to be equally at home in the old town, in Greenwich village and about Washington Square. In one of his later poems he told us of the "Little Red Box of Vesey Street," and its part in the human comedy of New York life. The scenes of *The Midge* will be described in another paper; the houses and streets of the first part of *The Story of a New York House* belong to old New York. The house in which Jacob Dolph the elder lived during the first years of the century, and from the pillared balcony of which his family and friends looked out and down on the glinting waters of the bay, is one of the few noble structures that are left to us of the older city. Bunner's choice is easily understood. Even now the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, a home for Irish immigrant girls, No. 7 State Street, despite the incongruity of the neighbouring edifices, impresses one as having been in its day the fitting mansion of a merchant prince of old Manhattan. The former grandeur of the locality is gone, the air shrill with the rush and clatter of the elevated trains, the clanging of cable bells, the rattle of heavily laden trucks, the surrounding streets are grimy and dirty, but the old house attracts and holds attention by its sedate dignity. The original builder, or the architect who designed it, probably changed his plans more than once in the course of building. It is supported by three tall rude columns of stone and stucco. The windows of the second story are thrown in shadow by the peculiar curve of the upper balcony. From the State Street sidewalk stone steps lead up to the entrance on both sides. Over the iron railing is the gilded cross of the Mission.*

A few doors away, at No. 17 State Street, was the home of William Irving, Washington Irving's elder brother, and of J. K. Paulding—a meeting place for the literary wits of the period. William Irving was the "Pindar Cockloft" of *Salmagundi*, and No. 17 was known as Cockloft Hall. It was only a few hundred yards away by the water front of Battery Park that, half a century later, the Jacob Dolph who in 1807 was a little

*In 1804, which, according to Mr. Bunner's story, was the period of the occupancy of Jacob Dolph, the house was really tenanted by William Van Vredenburgh, who had served under Washington with the rank of Colonel. The Van Vredenburghs emigrated not to Greenwich village, but to the Valley of the Mohawk, embarking for their journey in a sloop at the foot of Whitehall Street. Among the Onondaga Indians of the Mohawk, the erstwhile continental officer was known as "The Great Clear Sky." In a letter now before the present writer there are the words, "The great-granddaughter of the Colonel now sits opposite me, absorbed in the perusal of *A New York House*."

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"A LITTLE PARK, TOO SMALL TO BE CALLED A SQUARE, EVEN IF ITS SHAPE HAD NOT BEEN A TRIANGLE."—FORD'S "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING."

boy attending Mrs. Kilmaster's private school on Ann Street, fell to the ground with the apoplectic stroke that brought about his death. Mr. Howells writes of the Battery in *Their Wedding Journey* and in *A Hazard of New Fortunes;* and Edmund Clarence Stedman is among the poets who have found in it poetical inspiration.

Retracing our steps across the Park, we leave State Street, turn into Whitehall Street, move northward past Bowling Green, where, on the site of one of the steamship offices that line the southern side of the triangle, Martin Krieger's tavern stood, and where the bruised and mutilated iron palings stand mute witnesses of patriotic scorn for the crest and features of King George. One of the scenes of Edgar Fawcett's *Romance of Old New York*—a prize story of a few years ago, but a story deserving more enduring fame than is accorded most prize stories—was laid in Bowling Green.

Jacob Dolph, to revert to Bunner's story, had a naïve belief in the city's future, and builded fine day-dreams of a New York that was to reach far beyond the City Hall, beyond Richmond Hill, perhaps even as far as the Parade itself. He strenuously opposed the plan to have the north end of the new City Hall, which in 1807 was in the course of erection, constructed of cheap red stone, in the face of the popular belief that only a few suburbans would ever look down on it from above Chambers Street. In the first decade of the century the phrase "from the Battery to Bull's Head" was a fine and effective hyperbole. Part of the Bull's Head Tavern still stands on the northeast corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. When the Commissioners made the aforementioned map, Wall Street was already typical. The Stock Exchange had been in existence almost ten years, and the street which in the earlier colonial times had marked the northern boundary of the Dutch New Amsterdam became, almost immediately, to a certain extent the pulse of the nation's finance. Since that time there has been no thoroughfare so widely used and so roundly abused by the maker of New York fiction—scarcely one of them but at some time has taken his stand on the Broadway sidewalk in front of old Trinity and shouted his dismal denunciation. The heroes and heroines of American fiction very often achieve fabu-

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DENNIS MORIARTY'S SALOON, CENTRE STREET.—FORD'S "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING."

lous wealth through speculation; apparently worthless securities bought for a mere song and laid away in deposit vaults, or, better still, in old attic trunks or musty cupboards or woollen stockings, and forgotten, soar skyward on the Pindaric wings of romance; but Wall Street in the guise of the Fairy Godmother somehow never gets its due. This is the significant distinction, that in fiction fortune comes to men and women through "lucky speculation," ruin through Wall Street.

Leaving for a minute the men and women of Bunner's story, the vicinity conjures up the people of Charles Dudley Warner's *Golden House;* the Brights, Bemans, Lauderdales, Ralstons of Marion Crawford's novels of New York life; the hero of Thomas Janvier's *At the Casa Napoleon,* who day after day took his stand at the southwest corner of Broad and Wall Streets to study idly the great statue of Washington on the stone steps of the Sub-Treasury, and build fine day-dreams of the three thousand dollar clerkship that never seem to come true. Joris Van Heemskirk, of whom Mrs. Barr tells us in *The Bow of Orange Ribbon,* was an important figure in the Wall Street of 1765. A two-storied house at the lower end of Pearl Street was the home of Jacob Cohen and his granddaughter Miriam. The Kalchook, or Kalch Hoek, where Captain Hyde and Neil Semple fought their duel, was a hill of considerable elevation, to the west of the present line of Broadway. Its southern boundary was about Warren Street, its northern boundary about Canal. The district lying at its base was a fever-breeding marsh until drained by Anthony Rutgers. Afterward it was known as Lispenard Meadows, from Rutgers's daughter, Mrs. Lispenard. The little lake or pond at its foot was called first Kalk-Hook, and afterward became known as the Collect Pond. The corner of Broadway and Franklin Street marks what was then the summit of the Kalchook Hill. The slope is still perceptible. The speculations that swept away all that was left of the once great Dolph family estate in the panic of 1873 were conducted in an office on William Street, near where the Cotton Exchange now stands. On Front Street was the wholesale grocery firm, "Files and Nelson," of which Thomas Bailey Aldrich has written in *My Cousin the Colonel.* The ship-chandlering firm of

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THE "BIG BARRACKS" TENEMENT, FORSYTHE STREET.—JULIAN RALPH'S "PEOPLE WE PASS."

Abram Van Riper and Son, whence Eustace Dolph fled a forger, and where the delightful Mr. Daw, a very Dickensy creation, once tried a rolled-top desk and a revolving chair to his alarm and discomfiture, was on Water Street. Of Mrs. Kilmaster's private school on Ann Street, attended by Jacob Dolph the second, or of the Van Riper mansion on Pine Street, opposite the great Burril House, of course no traces remain. Ray, the hero of William Dean Howells's *World of Chance,* coming to seek his fortune in New York, noted first from the deck of the North River ferryboat "the mean, ugly fronts and roofs of the buildings beyond, and hulking high overhead in farther distance in vast bulks and clumsy towers the masses of those ten-story edifices which are the necessity of commerce and the despair of art."

The men who figure in the first part of *The Story of a New York House* were in the habit of meeting to discuss trade and politics in the barber shop of one Huggins. This shop was on the northeast corner of Broadway and Wall Street, the site now occupied by the United Bank Building, a structure which has been in existence less than thirty years. In one of the old office buildings that formerly occupied the same site was Ugly Hall, the headquarters of the Ugly Club, a literary organisation, of which Halleck was a leading member. The entrance to Huggins's barber shop was about on the spot now marked by the first Broadway door of the bank building. Before the yellow-fever plague of 1822, the fashionable residence quarter of the city was about Bowling Green, Water, Pearl, Beaver, Broad, Whitehall Streets and the lower end of Broadway. Merchants, shopkeepers, lawyers, as a rule, resided over their offices and stores. Mr. Charles H. Haswell, in his *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian in the City of New York,* speaks of the "Dutch-designed and Dutch-built houses," with sharply pitched roofs and gable ends to the street, that were at that day remaining in Broad Street. The plague drove people to the open fields that lay between the city proper and Greenwich village. One night during this period, when the sky was red with the light of the tar barrels that were being burned in Ann Street, Mrs. Jacob Dolph was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's. In Chambers Street, opposite the north end of City Hall, was, in 1820, the office of the Chief of Police, where Allan Dale (Admiral Porter's *Allan Dale and Robert le*

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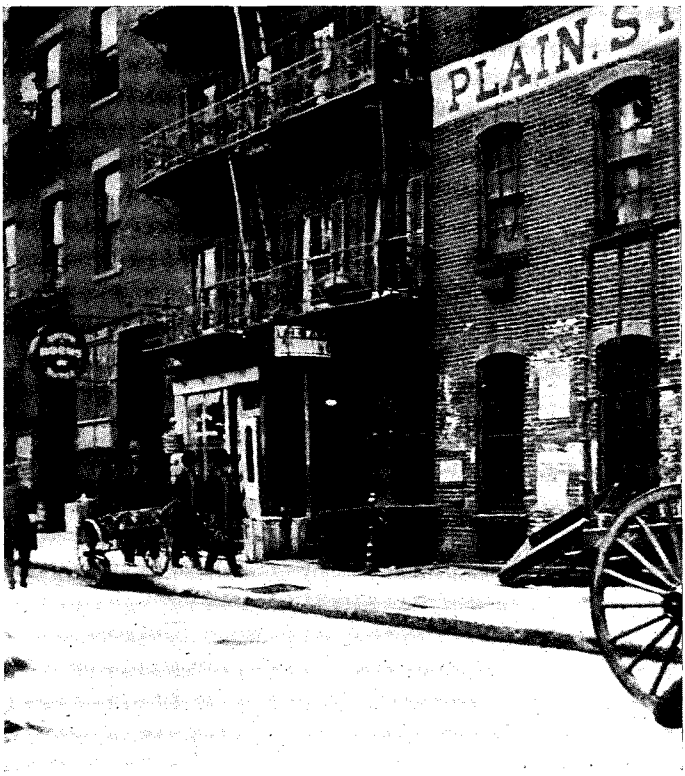
Diable) made his first appearance on the stage of that story. Farther up Broadway, in an office building near Worth Street, was the one-room law office of Peter—afterward the Honourable Peter Stirling. At the Duane Street corner, adjoining the grounds of the New York Hospital, was the cigar store of John Anderson, which Edgar Allan Poe's story of *The Mystery of Marie Roget* assured a permanent place among the scenes of New York fiction.



CASE'S TENEMENT, HESTER STREET.—RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

III.

PARK ROW IN FICTION.

Park Row in fiction has a twofold significance and interest. In the first place, the Row and the adjacent streets are hallowed by the literary and histrionic memories of the past. Here, where the new Park Row Syndicate Building stands, was the old Park Theatre, the scene of the triumphs of Edmund Kean, Sinclair, Cooke, Young, Charles Kemble, Tyrone Power, Ellen Tree, Fanny Kemble, Emma Wheatley, Clara Fisher, Junius Brutus Booth, J. W. Wallack, John and Charles Mason, Charlotte Cushman. These pavements were trod by Irving, Poe, Halleck, Cozzens, Du Chaillu, "Harry Franco," Brougham, Hoffman, Morris; and Clark passed many a night on the benches in the park opposite. Later, it has belonged to Edmund Clarence Stedman, George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, Richard Henry Stoddard and to the young and middle-aged poets and novelists of the present day. In the second place, as a background, as a part, a phase, of the Human Comedy of New York life, it is beginning to have a meaning. True, we have had nothing descriptive of the life comparable to Balzac's analytic and terrible arraignment of Paris journalism in *Illusions Perdues,* or even to the chapters dealing with the life of Fleet Street and the Fleet Prison in *Pendennis.* The stories of Park Row life have not gone very far below the surface, but two or three young newspaper men and at least one newspaper woman have written very cleverly and entertainingly of "beats" and "sticks" and "copy-readers" and "cub reporters" and "star" men. Then, too, there are the "lady novelists," to whom the Row is as useful as it is vague, who find it a well of local colour, although it might not be polite to question them too closely as to the whereabouts of Ann or Beekman or Spruce or Franklin Streets. The "journalist"—he is never a mere newspaper man—of this sort of fiction is forever stalking criminals, scenting out big news, talking in rather flabby epigram or making violent love. He is usually dashing off editorials that make statesmen sit up, and when he writes "stories," they are never less than a column in length and are inevitably found the next morning under big black headlines at the be-

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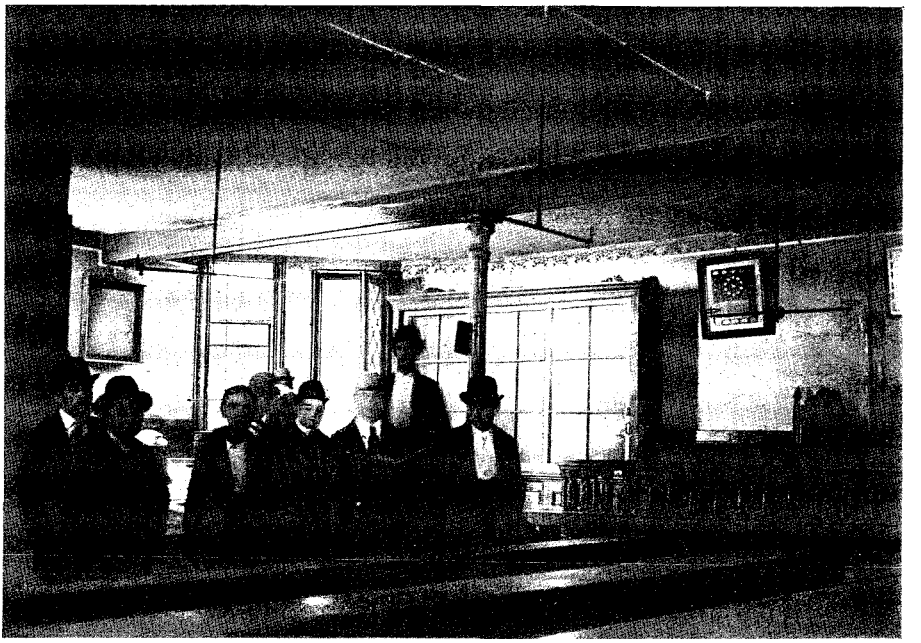

STUDY ROOMS, THE GREAT SYNAGOGUE, NORFOLK STREET.—CAHAN'S "THE IMPORTED BRIDEGROOM."

ginning of the first page. He lives in Bohemia, a neighbourhood of which most city editors, who are supposed to know a good deal about everything pertaining to the city's streets and corners, will profess entire ignorance. In short, the journalist of this type is very beautiful and well groomed, but it must be confessed he is considerably different from the practical newspaper man of real life. And it is with the latter that the present article has to do.

If, as you go up the Row, you will turn in at the dark doorway of No. 29, and mount three pairs of stairs, you will find the long, grimy one-room newspaper office which was the scene of Jesse Lynch Williams's story of "The City Editor's Conscience." In a former number of THE BOOKMAN, Maguire, who got the gold watch and chain, and of whom Henderson said in his speech that he was "about the squarest city editor in Park Row, even if he did flare up occasionally and get red in the face," was identified as "Jerry" Donnelly. It may be of interest to add that the real name of the telegraph editor mentioned in the opening sentence of the story is Clark; that Brown, who was sent to the telephone to take from the Police Headquarters man, Wintringer (who in real life is Watson Sands), the story of a "bull that has broken loose on its way to a slaughter-house uptown, and been terrorising people on Fifty-ninth Street, near the river," is Albert M. Chapman; that the cub reporter who was sent out on the ferry accident assignment is John E. Weier. The appearance of the office is changed but very little since the time of the story. Farther up the Row, the *Sun* building, at the corner of Nassau and Frankfort Streets, is the scene of "The Stolen Story." Here worked Hamilton Knox, the cub reporter, who found it easier to write his facts and then make them; and Rufus Carrington, who beat all the older men from the other papers on the "Great Secretary of State Interview"; and Townsend's Philip Peyton and Terence Lynn and T. Fitzgerald Lyon and that pathetic figure Tommy Nod; while just over the way is the office of the *Earth,* where Billy Woods was employed for a few eventful hours after being discharged by the *Day.* In the Park opposite, Colonel Peter Stirling's regiment was quartered during the riots described in Paul Leicester Ford's book. It was there that took place the bomb explosion which killed Podds. Over on the Park Row sidewalk Peter Stirling

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PAY-DAY IN THE SWEATSHOP.—CAHAN'S "YEKL."

was found sleeping with his head pillowed on a roll of newspapers by Leonore and Watts D'Alloi.

At the angle made by the running together of Worth and Park Streets is, as any one with the slightest pretension to an acquaintance with New York knows, the little triangular park that marks the site of what was once the Five Points. It was there, about 1874, that Peter Stirling made friends with the tenement-house children and took the first step toward the achievement of his career. The park lies directly to the east of the Broadway building in which he had his office. "It had no right to be there, for the land was wanted for business purposes, but the hollow on which it was built had been a swamp in the old days, and the soft land, and perhaps the unhealthiness, had prevented the erection of great warehouses and stores, which almost surrounded it. So it had been left to the storage of human souls, instead of merchandise, for valuable goods need careful housing, while any place serves to pack humanity." While there remains much to remind us of the conditions of twenty-five years ago, the comparatively recent construction of the greater park, only a stone's throw distant, has done a great deal toward the reclamation of the quarter. A few hundred yards to the west of this little park we find on Centre Street the saloon of Dennis Moriarty, Peter's staunch friend and political henchman.

When Edward W. Townsend was a reporter on the New York *Sun* he was one day sent out on a "story" which took him to the offices of a fossilised company with a nine-worded name. Two or three antiquated clerks sat about on high stools, poring over musty ledgers, and the business atmosphere was that of the sixth rather than the last decade of the century. These offices were in No. 51 Exchange Place, between Broad and William Streets, and that structure plays a conspicuous part in *A Daughter of the Tenements* under the name of the Niantic. It

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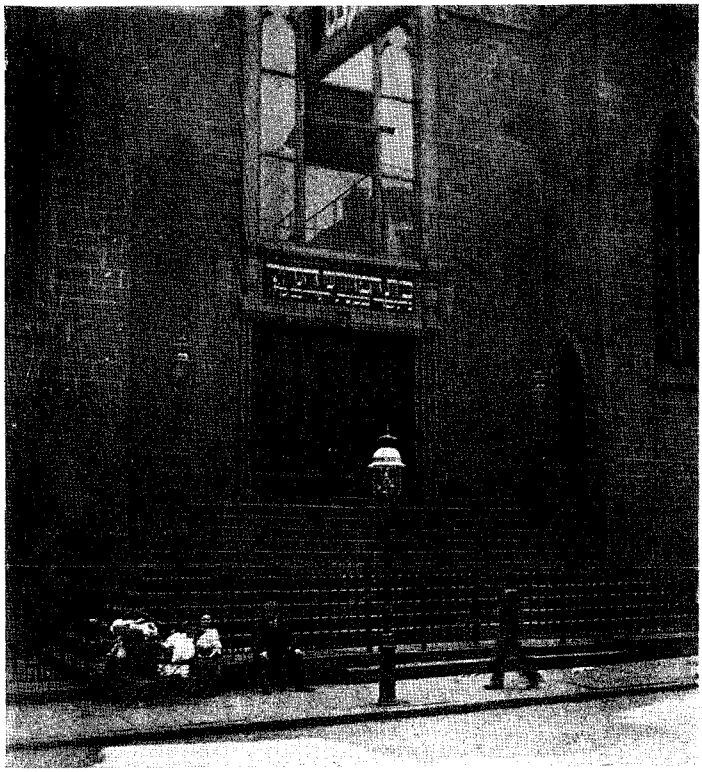

THE GREAT SYNAGOGUE OF THE GHETTO, NORFOLK STREET.—CAHAN'S "THE IMPORTED BRIDEGROOM."

IV.

THE EAST SIDE—CASE'S AND THE BIG BARRACKS TENEMENTS—"CAT ALLEY"—THE GHETTO—MULBERRY BEND AND CHINATOWN.

On the south side of Hester Street, about fifty yards west of the Bowery, is Case's Tenement, where the disreputable Mr. Raegan lay in hiding after his fatal fight with Pike McGonegal at the end of Wakeman's Dock on the East River front, and which is spoken of in many of Richard Harding Davis's earlier stories. It is a very dirty and dilapidated structure—broken panes of glass, twisted railings, glaring discolourations. There is a Chinese laundry on the main floor. Nine or ten years ago Mr. Davis, who was then a reporter on the *Evening Sun,* was one day sent up to this place to "cover" the story of a greengoods game that was supposed to be running there under the supervision of a man named Perceval. Mr. Perceval was found, but refused to believe in the sincerity of his visitor as a "come-on," and the interview ended by Mr. Davis beating a very hasty and undignified retreat. Later, the author of Van Bibber met the messenger boy, who acted as trailer for the greengoods man, and offered him ten dollars for information as to the exact nature of his employer's business, the boy proving incorruptible. The incident was elaborated in the story of "The Trailer of Room No. 8."

The Big Barracks Tenement, the scene of the majority of the stories in Julian Ralph's *People We Pass,* is a great yellow brick structure on the west side of Forsythe Street, near the northern end. The Big Barracks was the home of Dr. Whitfield and his daughter, Mrs. Eric-

was there that Dan Lyon, the "Lord of Mulberry Court," was janitor, that Mark Waters schemed and that the Chinaman Chung stole the papers that he afterward concealed in the sole of his shoe. No. 51 is on the north side of the street, next to the Mills Building. It is five stories in height; it has an elevator—a startling concession to modernity in the buildings that line Exchange Place. At every story iron balconies jut out over the sidewalk and grooved grey columns run up along the front of the main office. There is a barber shop in the basement. In the book the Niantic was characterised as "one of the old-fashioned five-story granite office buildings, where commercial aristocracy transacts its business affairs in the same manner as when the tenants of the building lived on Park Place or Barclay Street or thereabouts, and took drives to the homes of that venturesome colony of other aristocrats who had located out of the country as far uptown as Washington Square."

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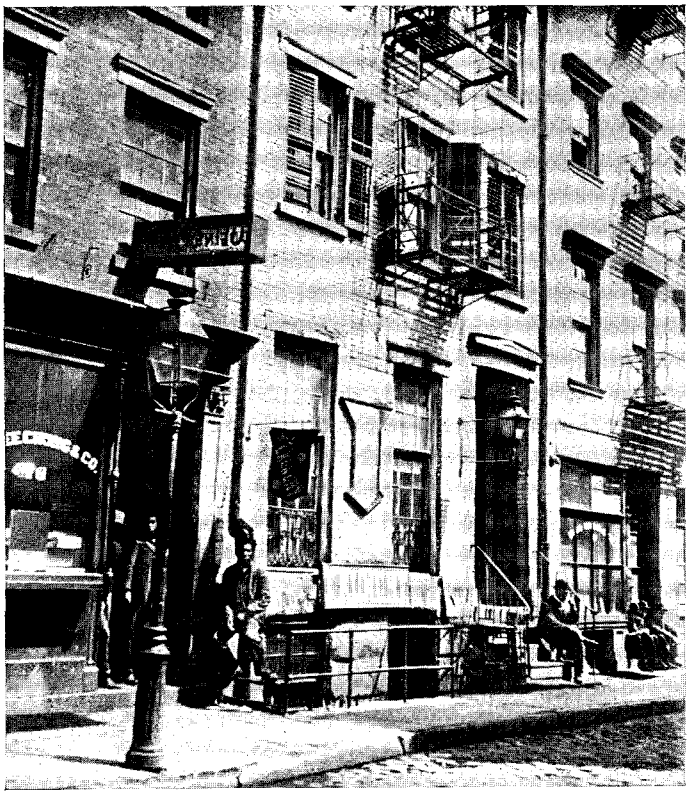

"THE HOUSE OF YELLOW BRICK," PELL STREET.—E. W. TOWNSEND.

son, "Petey" and Nora Burke, and the scene of "The Lineman's Wedding," arranged and reported by Mr. "Barny" Kelley of the *Daily Camera.* Allusion is also due to the stories of "Love in the Big Barracks," probably the truest and strongest tale of all in *People We Pass,* and "The Mother Song," with its touching pathos and quaint humour. Speaking of these stories, Mr. Ralph, in a recent letter to the present writer, says: "In truth, like so many other things of the kind, my stories grew out of many pieces. First I adopted the name of the house because of the brutal and insulting name, 'The Big Flat' I saw on a double-decker tenement in lower Mott or Baxter Street. Next I described the house with which I was familiar—or a type of tenement found elsewhere. Finally I chose Forsythe Street, because I knew more tenement folks there than elsewhere, knew them better, and thought that the mixture of races and worldly conditions offered as much scope for stories as I could get from any other quarter. Innumerable as were the kinds and points at which I touched these tenement people in my reporting experience, it was only here that I was received in their clubs or societies, at their dances and on their picnics, on a basis of complete friendliness and frankness. In other words, *I looked on* in other tenement districts, but in this one *I took part.* And here I found at least one lay employer of skilled labour living in old-world fraternity with his employés and their families, as well as an unusual number of well-to-do and more than ordinarily respectable tavern and shopkeepers. It's all a thing of the past. A very few years ago I went back and tried to resurrect the old conditions, but they were buried and their spirit had moved uptown."

The streets in this vicinity are also the streets of Abraham Cahan's stories of Ghetto life, which will be treated more closely hereafter. In Ludlow Street was the home of Lena (Edward W. Townsend's "By Whom the Offence Cometh"), before she went to live with Bat the pickpocket. One of the dim alleys that lead back from Rivington Street was used by Charles Dudley Warner in *The Golden House;* it was also in Rivington Street that Van Bibber thrashed the toughs with a scientific vehemence which showed that he might have risen to high distinction in the welter or light-weight division. Meeting on the northwest corner of Rivington Street and the Bowery, John Suydam and the novelist De Ruyter start out together in "The Search for Local Colour" (Brander Matthews); near by Chimmie Fadden made an effective political speech from the tail end of a cart, and

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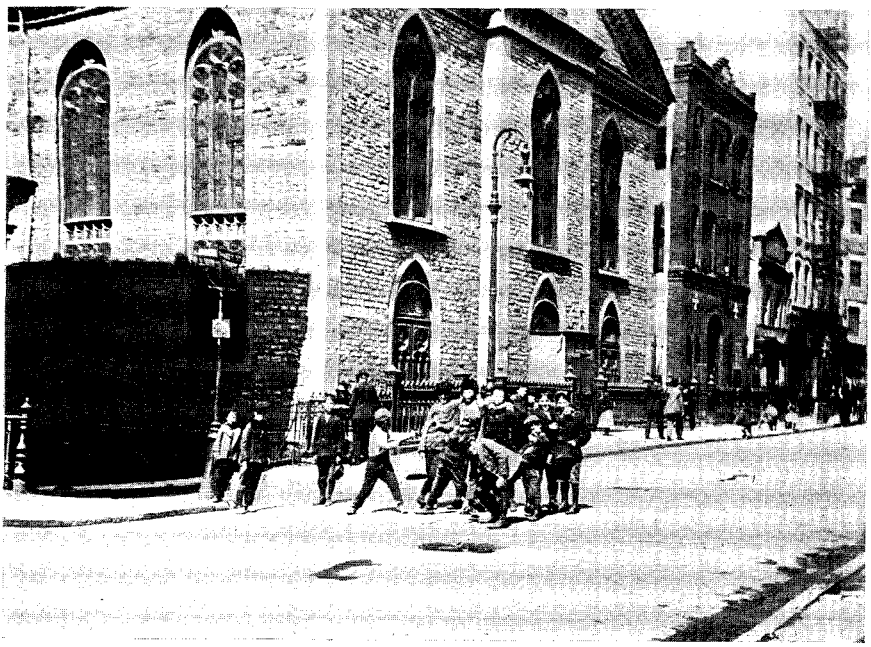

THE CHURCH WHERE THE WHITE SLAVES DIED, MOTT AND PARK STREETS.
—TOWNSEND'S "THE HOUSE OF YELLOW BRICK."

the atmosphere and life of this quarter of the city were admirably portrayed in a short fugitive sketch called "Extermination," by J. L. Steffens, published in a New York newspaper about two years ago.* The scene of "Extermination" was Cat Alley, opposite the Police Headquarters in Mulberry Street. "Looney Lenny" was "Silly Willie" or "Willie" Gallegher, a messenger for the headquarters newspaper men. "Cat Alley," which no longer exists, was admirably described by Jacob A. Riis in an article on "The Passing of Cat Alley," printed in the *Century* about a year ago. Brander Matthews has written of the old wooden houses of this neighbourhood "as pathetic survivals of the time when New York still remembered that it had been New Amsterdam." Here he found the streak of local colour that went to make "Before the Break of Day." While the telephone number was given, the saloon of the story was purely imaginary. The episode on which the tale was based actually took place in a house in Denver.

Going back to the Ghetto, Abraham Cahan's "Yekl," whom Zangwill recognised as the only Jew in American fiction, worked in a sweatshop in Pitt Street. Mr. Cahan said recently in conversation that New York contained four different Ghettos. The great Ghetto is bounded by the East River, by Cherry Street, by the Bowery, and on the north formerly by Houston Street, but now it has crept up as far as East Tenth Street. This is the largest Ghetto in the world, greater even than the Warsaw Ghetto. Hester Street, the heart of this Ghetto, is known throughout Europe. Of the other three Ghettos, one lies between Ninety-eighth and One Hundred and Sixteenth Streets, east of Central Park; another, the Brownsville Ghetto, is in the Twenty-sixth Ward, Brooklyn; the last is the Williamsburg Ghetto. In writing "The Imported Bridegroom," a story which dealt with the New York of twenty years ago, Mr. Cahan had in view the old Ghetto about Bayard and Catherine Streets, which in the years following the close of the Civil War was settled by a prosperous class of Russian Jews. At the time of the writing of the story considerable of this quarter remained. It is now almost entirely extinct. The school in Christie Street attended by Flora Stroon was only recently torn down. On

*The *Commercial Advertiser*, July 24, 1897.

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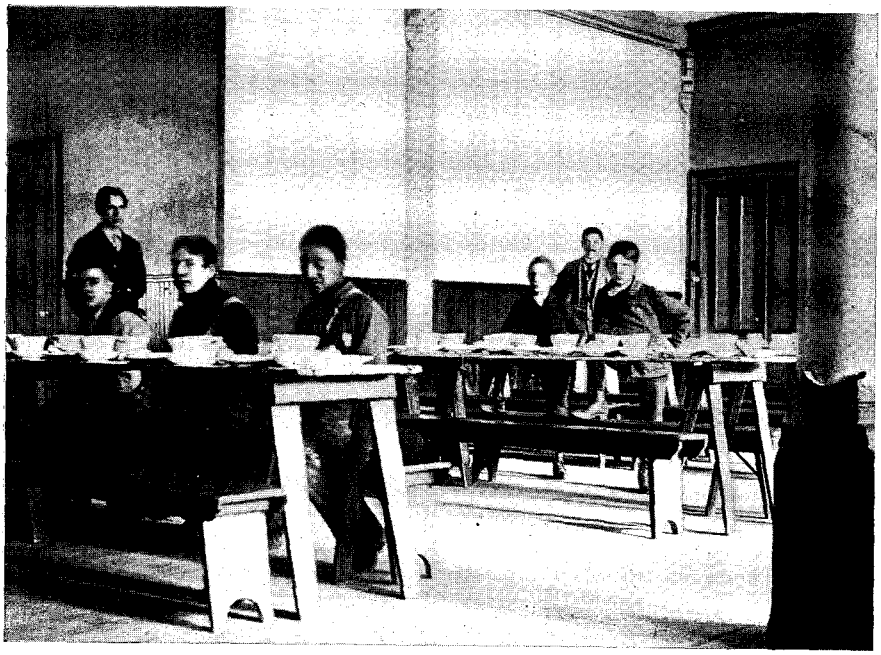

NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE, WHERE TOWNSEND FOUND "CHIMMIE FADDEN."

the east side of the Bowery, a little below Canal Street, was the restaurant in which Shaya was found by Azrael Stroon. On Norfolk Street, near Broome, is the great synagogue "Beth-Hamidrash Hagodal" ("the great house of study"). It was there in the vestry room that Shaya Golub studied the Talmud. On the third floor of a rickety old tenement in Essex Street was the sweatshop of the Lipmans, described in "A Sweatshop Romance." Boris and Tatyana Lurie of "Circumstances" lived in Madison Street, and it was to rooms on the second floor of a Cherry Street tenement-house that Nathan and Goldy repaired after "A Ghetto Wedding."

In Henry Street was the first New York home of the Everetts (Edgar Fawcett's *A New York Family*) after their migration from Hoboken. The Everett children attended school in Scammel Street. That was in the early half of the century, when Broome, Prince and Bond Streets were fashionable thoroughfares, and the best shops were on Grand Street and the Bowery. With the passing of the Bend disappeared Mulberry Court, the strange, grim and picturesque bit of proletarian New York that Edward W. Townsend has described in *A Daughter of the Tenements*. The entrance to the narrow alley that led to the court was on the west side of Mulberry Street, about fifty paces below Bayard Street, and directly opposite the Italian banks and the Italian library. The site of Mulberry Court is marked by a tree that, surrounded by a circle of turf, stands in the northeast corner of the new park. On the east side of Baxter Street, south of Bayard, a tunnel leads back to the rear tenement where Carminella and Miss Eleanor Hazlehurst of North Washington Square visited the child stricken with fever. The tunnel was next door to a saloon. All this, of course, was swept away when the block was converted into a park. Mr. Townsend, as became the historian of this quarter, has spoken of the colour and brightness of Mulberry Street, which is fairly alive with the scarlet and orange and green and bronze of the shops and push-carts. In direct contrast is the hideous blackness of Baxter Street, with its ghastly and inhuman stretches of second-hand clothes. Moving up the steep incline that begins at Mulberry and Park Streets, we find at the corner of Mott Street the little Roman Catholic Church

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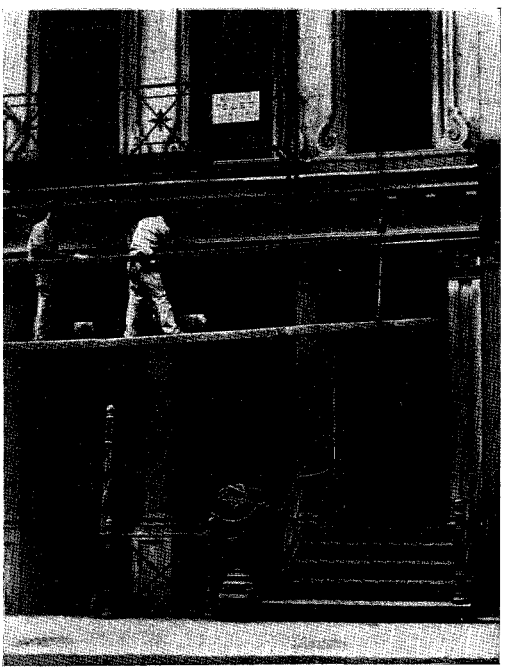
"A NARROW, WORN PAIR OF STONE STEPS RUNNING UP ALONGSIDE AN OLD THREE-STORY BRICK BUILDING."—TOWNSEND'S "A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS."

of the Transfiguration, where the white slaves of Chinatown died in Townsend's story of "The House of Yellow Brick." The House of Yellow Brick stands on the north side of Pell Street, about thirty yards from the Bowery. Only a few doors away a saloon at the corner of Doyer and Pell Streets marks the site of the Old Tree House in which Mrs. Susanna Rowson's "Charlotte Temple" died about 1776. The original of "Charlotte Temple" was Charlotte Stanley, the mistress of Lieutenant-Colonel John Montresor, the Montraville of the novel. She is buried in Trinity churchyard. At No. 16 Mott Street, a quaint and striking brick building only a few doors from Chatham Square, was the opium den kept by the Chinaman Chung, who, as told in Mr. Townsend's *A Daughter of the Tenements,* stole the papers from Mark Waters's office in the Niantic building on Exchange Place. The Chinese fish, flesh and fowl shop described in the book has disappeared, but the restaurant on the second floor and the Joss Temple, with windows opening on the iron balcony, remain. A flight of well-worn stone steps run up from the sidewalk in front. Since the structure was made use of in Townsend's novel another story has been added. This building is known as the City Hall of Chinatown. A little farther up Mott Street is the Chinese restaurant to which Lena ("By Whom the Offence Cometh") went, after Bat had been convicted and sentenced for picking pockets on Fifth Avenue. Near Mott Street lived Berthold Lindau, the fanatical socialist of Mr. Howells in *A Hazard of New Fortunes.* A few blocks away, on the Bowery above Bayard Street, is the Atlantic Garden, thinly disguised under the name of the Arctic Garden, where "Tom" Lyon and Carminella and her mother would come after the young heroine's dance was over for a real supper of beer and sandwiches, and Philip Peyton would "send drinks to the performers and hear the fact alluded to in the next song." The "Tivoli" Theatre, where Carminella made her first appearance and scored her early successes, has of recent years been given over to Yiddish melodrama. Returning to Baxter Street, a dark passage running back from the dirty green door of No. 14 leads to what remains of Murderer's Alley, one of the most tragic and gruesome corners of the old Five Points region. Murderer's Alley was used and elaborately staged by the late Augustin Daly in his play called *Pique.* The heroine, who was enacted by Fanny Davenport,



THE NIANTIC, EXCHANGE PLACE.—TOWNSEND'S "A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS."

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was murdered there. The Brace Memorial Newsboy's Lodging House, where the idea of "Chimmie Fadden" first came to Mr. Townsend, is on New Chambers Street, a block east of Park Row. Over on Cherry Hill were born Hefty Burke and the disreputable Mr. Raegan, two of Richard Harding Davis's earlier creations. East Broadway was the scene of the work of Conrad Dryfoos and of Margaret Vance, described in Mr. Howells's *Hazard of New Fortunes*. In a sailor's pawnshop at the lower end of Catherine Street was laid one of the scenes of *The Shadows of a Great City*, a very popular melodrama of some ten years ago.

Robert Barr, in a recent article, suggested Stephen Crane as the man most likely to write the great American novel. Somehow the idea is not easily dismissed, as a story of New York life—his *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*—even in the form in which it was publicly printed, was in a way a dominant book. Few writers feel so intensely the throbbing life of the city. Stephen Crane sees in the flickering street lights, the wet pavements, the looming factories and warehouses, countless untold tragedies. Balzac somewhere said that the brief newspaper paragraph, "Yesterday at four o'clock in the afternoon a young person jumped from the Pont Neuf into the Seine," contained all the elements of the greatest novel. In Mr. Crane we find something of the dispassionate intensity. When *Maggie* appeared, many cried out against it on the ground that it contained no light, no hope. But Mr. Crane saw no hope, no light. *Maggie*, above all his other books, is striking in its sincerity. He could not see in the lives of the people of Devil's Row and Rum Alley sunshine and sentiment and humour—these people to whom joy only comes in debauch. His proletaire is very convincing and powerful—rising transcendent over his eccentricities of style and diction. But the localities of the story are merely symbolic. Rum Alley and Devil's Row, we learn with regret, had no real foundation in fact.

(To be continued.)

THE ESSAY AND SOME ESSAYISTS.

II.

BACON meditates upon the greatest affairs and studies conduct in its relation to the highest fortunes of men; Addison, the master of another kind of judgment upon knowledge, notes the quality and signs of social intercourse. He is the interpreter and censor of the age in English life which saw the birth of society in the modern sense of the word; men were drawing together as a reaction from excessive individualism in religion, morals, politics and art, and because they were beginning to discern the resources of life as they are multiplied and heightened by intimacy and fellowship. Coffee houses, taverns, clubs, assemblies, were bringing men into the city; the language was rapidly adapting itself to the uses of a polished society; it was gaining in lucidity, proportion, ease, flexibility and simplicity. The novel, which is the characteristic literary product of men in society, came to swift maturity. In such a time the essay became a natural and inevitable form of speech; perfectly adapted to the habits of the age, and admirably suited to the work of satire, correction, criticism and entertainment. For half a century almost every writer of power tried his hand at it; but Addison remains the master of the essay of manners and of society. Never has a teacher worn a more winning aspect; never has a judge pronounced sentence with a more sympathetic insight into the experience of the convicted. With all his stateliness of manner, and in the face of the tradition

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of reserve and coldness which has grown up and enclosed him like a hedge of thorns, Addison was one of the most human of humans. His touch is light because it is kind; his manner is full of charm because he was full of sweetness; his courtesy is always suggesting the near presence of Sir Roger de Coverley because he was so near of kin to the second of the great gentlemen in literature. In his hands the essay is seen in perfection of form; it is brief, it deals with matters instinct with human interest; it is skilfully compounded of observation, insight, humour and judgment; it is touched with the charm of a delightful personality expressed in a style full of character and distinction.

Bacon dealt with affairs of state and with conduct in relation to destiny; Addison with men in social relations; Charles Lamb deals with individual eccentricity, idiosyncrasy and humour, and with the pathos and contradictions of life. In his hands the essay becomes as personal as it was in the hands of Montaigne, and as full of individuality; but his egotism is that of a very sensitive, tender and sympathetic nature; with a genius for quaintnesses of all kinds, for the discovery of forgotten or neglected human traits, for the sweetness which often lies at the heart of eccentricity and the sacredness which sometimes hides itself behind oddity and excess. Lamb's mind was a rich storehouse of literary knowledge, and the discursiveness of his style was largely due to the breadth of his interests and information. He could be one of the sanest of critics or he could be as wilful and fanciful as Donne; he could match the gravity and eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, or he could be as extravagant and irresponsible as Thomas Love Peacock. He had at times an old-fashioned manner which carries one back two centuries, until some whimsicality gives it sudden and unmistakable contemporaneousness. He is at one moment in line with Sr Thomas Browne and Marvell, and at another he is the most capricious of humourists. No man can touch trivialities more lightly or gaily; nor can any man deal more reverently and seriously with the stern or tragic aspects of life. A vein of the deepest sentiment runs side by side with his humour, and those who love him find a wonderful sweetness not only in his life but in his mind. The *Essays of Elia* must always find their place with the books of the heart. "How could I hate him?" he once answered in reply to a question. "Don't I know him? I never could hate any one I knew." This note of catholicity is very characteristic of the essays; it explains their variety, their individual charm, their appeal to the imagination. They have this quality of great literature: they make us feel that it is impossible to treat them simply as pieces of writing. They have the intimacy of true literature; that interior relation to our hearts which makes us aware that they must have been true in experience before they were true in art. The very genius of the essay is revealed in them; their contents could not have been committed to any other literary form. No other form would have provided for such remoteness and such familiarity; for such dignity and such whimsicality; for such unexpected and yet wholly natural interblending of wisdom and of humour. The essay as a human document, a record not only of a man of genius but of a human heart, has found unique setting at the hands of Lamb.

The essays of Carlyle and of Emerson make us aware of another point of view; they perceptibly widen the range of the essay by the new territory which they bring within the horizon. There is a rich background behind the work, or, rather, the mind of each essayist; there is a dominant personality in the work of both men, but the field of knowledge has suffered a great expansion, the autumnal wisdom is more inclusive and spiritual. Carlyle's force seems heightened by the very limitations of the essay, as the current of a river rises into more tumultuous sweep and roar when it leaves the broad channel and rushes through a narrow gorge in the hills. Emerson's penetrating thought, on the other hand, gains brilliancy as the stars become more splendid when one looks at them from a narrow place enclosed between projecting heights. One must be a master of the art to pack a thought within the confines of a sonnet and yet evoke its complete suggestiveness; and one must command the higher resources of thought and of speech to put a philosophy into an essay; set, like a mountain lake, so high that it has an immeasurable depth not only for the

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plummet, but for the shining of the stars. In Carlyle's portraiture of Burns's depth, reality and beauty are intensified by the dimensions of the canvas; other men have studied the poet more exhaustively and painted him with far more fidelity to detail of feature; but no one has made the man so clear to us, or given us an impression so consistent and adequate. Carlyle employs very few effects; he never attempts to say many things in an essay; he gives us one or two reorganising ideas; an incident, seen in a sudden and often lurid light; a human face drawn with marvellous skill against a grim background; above all, he gives us the impetuosity, the vivid force, the pictorial genius, of his temperament.

Emerson, on the other hand, gives us a succession of thoughts which appear to have no connection, but which are all aspects of one thought; for Emerson always sees the world from one point of view, and the expert reader can quickly uncover the formative conception if he is willing to postpone for a little the enjoyment of the teasing surprise of a swift and shining procession of ideas. These thoughts are rooted in that larger observation which the man of genius is able to make of his position, but they flash concentric rays on a point so distant that many readers do not discern it. Emerson's wisdom is never without a touch of New England shrewdness, but it is only incidentally prudential. Poor Richard would have found rich pickings in him; but Poor Richard would also have found much which would have puzzled and disconcerted him. In Emerson the autumnal wisdom is not only ripe; it is intuitive, individual, prophetic. Nearly all the wisdom-writers have limited their vision to the earthly fortunes and relations of the soul; Emerson deals with its complete development and its universal relations. Montaigne and his fellow-craftsmen have found endless variety and interest in difference; Emerson finds unfathomable meaning and beauty in identity. They break life up into a thousand prismatic fragments; he puts it together in a shining symmetry. In *Works and Days* the essay reveals its full compass as a literary form; within its narrow limits there are thoughts that run to the ends of the earth, and there is beauty such as touches the pen only in the most fortunate hours.

Criticism is so closely related to the essay that it may be regarded as one of its most significant forms. A large part of the most important comment upon and estimate of the great works of literature is to be found in the essay form. Nearly all critics of the first rank have been essayists: in our own language Addison, Johnson, Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Arnold, Lowell, Pater, Hutton, Whipple, Stedman; while Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy," and those prefaces of Dryden and Wordsworth which are such important documents in English criticism are not only in the essay form, but reveal all the characteristics of the essay. The chief foreign critics—St. Beuve, Scherer, Le Maître, Brunetière, Brandes—to select a few representatives of a large group of accomplished students of literature—are essayists whose work, apart from its expository or interpretative quality, has great charm and value as literature. It is interesting to note that many of the critics of dominating influence have been men of insight rather than of logical habit of mind. Herder was an immense force in the modern critical movement; Coleridge has perhaps done more than any other writer for English criticism; Amiel and Joubert were of that small group who feed criticism with fresh ideas; Goethe's most important insights into the art of literature found expression largely in works which are only incidentally critical, in aphorisms or maxims, and in conversation. There may seem, at the first glance, something of defect and limitation in this discursiveness and fragmentariness. Those who must find in art the same formal logic, definiteness and inclusiveness which they find in science, can hardly avoid a suspicion of superficiality in a treatment which seems so partial and which is so essentially unscientific in method. There have been and are critics of the scientific habit of mind, who arrive at principles upon a strictly inferential basis; who treat the phenomena of art as the scientist treats the phenomena of the natural world; and these critics have their place and their value; but an art which draws its life from insight, feeling, passion, the interpretation of facts and experience

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through personality, the play of temperament, must find its vital exposition through kindred qualities. There is a flood of light thrown upon art when we approach it from the standpoint of psychology, but art is never touched where it lives by such an approach. Criticism is vital, penetrative, luminous, only when it is the product of the creative temper. It takes an artist to catch an artist. The key to the work of art is insight, not observation; hence the discursive quality of the criticism of men like Goethe, Herder, Joubert, Coleridge, Amiel. "Almost all rich veins of original and striking speculation," says John Stuart Mill, "have been opened by systemic half-thinkers." The half-thinker like Goethe, Coleridge, Carlyle and Emerson, who sees a whole-world, is often more inclusive and creative than the whole-thinker who sees a half-world.

Criticism not only takes the form of the essay to a very considerable extent, but it involves a kindred ripeness of experience. It is the product of an age which has at least begun to meditate; the touch of the autumnal wisdom is in it. Its beginnings must be sought in the examination and comparison of texts. It began in the endeavor to cleanse and restore the form of great works; it passed thence to a full knowledge of those works and an inevitable comparison of one with another; it came last to a perception of the nature of art, its laws of structure, its significance as a disclosure of the human spirit. It presupposes the existence of a body of literature sufficient in quantity and important enough in quality to stimulate and compel study and comparison; for criticism is not a body of abstract doctrine applied to artistic work, but a body of principles and maxims derived from the study of that work. The possibility of art, the necessity of giving concrete expression to the inner life, exists first in the nature of man; takes form in the works of art, and finally discloses order, method and interior structure in a body of criticism which is the revelation by these works of their secrets of structure and form to sensitive minds.

Textual study develops a critical attitude, but it is essentially secondary; it belongs to scholarship rather than to literature. Æsthetic criticism, which deals with the principles and laws of art, with beauty of form, with the significance of art as a spiritual expression, is late in point of time, but is essentially creative work; work, that is, which brings a new set of truths into view in forms which have the touch of beauty and finality. The famous comment of Goethe upon Hamlet, for instance, is likely to live as long as anything in his prose works. It is a critical exposition, but it is also a piece of literature. Carlyle's study of Burns's and Emerson's essay on Montaigne have places as chapters in the development of criticism, but they are also enduring works of literary art. "Criticism as it was first instituted by Aristotle," says Dryden, "was meant a standard of judging well; the chiefest part of which is to observe those excellencies which should delight a reasonable reader." Thus early was struck the true critical note—the note of sympathy and of insight; the note struck again and again with such resonance by Goethe, who is perhaps the first of all critics of literature. The work of judging, which was in a way the earliest function of criticism, remains one of its most important but not its chief function. The criticism of judgment must not only continue but must increase in volume in the degree in which culture spreads. In France, where the artistic sense is developed by a more general artistic education than in any other country, and where the sense of form is accordingly more keen and general, the art of criticism is practised with extraordinary skill by a multitude of writers. And this criticism has great value, not for its direct influence upon the individual writer, but for its educational influence upon readers. A sound criticism is, under existing conditions, a safeguard against inferior or unbalanced work.

But criticism—the judgment of works of art by comparison and by the application of principles disclosed by existing works of art—could not rest in the promulgation of judgments; it was compelled, by the impulse which it received from its material, to broaden its range and deepen its insight. The moment the full scope of the creative activity disclosed in literature came into the view of a critical mind of the highest order a new kind of literature became inevitable. When the literature of many races in many forms could be seen at a glance,

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the unity and significance of literature in the life of the race took the form of a new conception of literature itself. Study the lyric, the drama, the novel, the essay, in detachment from one another, and certain laws and methods of structure reveal themselves; include all these literary forms in one comprehensive study, and literature in its totality takes on the authority and splendour of a revelation of the soul, living its life and working out its destiny under historic conditions. The place of literature in history becomes clear and its relations to knowledge and life are seen in true perspective.

"Many minds have contributed to the working out of what may be called the vital, as distinguished from the abstract, idea of history and art; but we owe to Herder, Winkelmann, Lessing and Goethe a lasting obligation for their varied but harmonious exposition of this deep and luminous conception; perhaps the most fundamental and characteristic idea which modern thought has produced. Winkelmann's contribution to the knowledge of art may be taken as an illustration of the general work of these thinkers. Instead of looking at Greek sculpture as comprising a series of detached and unrelated works, he discerned the unity and harmony of these works as expressions of a single impulse or activity; more than this, he discerned the vital relation of sculpture, as the Greeks practised it, to their genius, their temper and their life. He saw that no individual impulse or skill accounted for Greek art, but that its explanation must be sought in the Greek nature. He saw that the art of sculpture in Greek hands was of a piece with all the other arts, and that what was characteristic of Phidias, the sculptor, was also characteristic of Sophocles, the poet, of Plato, the thinker, and of Pericles, the statesman. Everything the Athenians did in their best years was of a piece, and all their arts were so many expressions of their nature. Elevation, simplicity and repose were characteristics common to sculptured figures, acted dramas, philosophic speculation and practical statesmanship; sculpture, literature, philosophy and oratory were, therefore, vitally related parts of a complete and harmonious expression of Greek life, and the Greek nature was the soil in which all these beautiful growths had their root. Winkelmann discerned the natural history of art; its response to external conditions; its large dependence on soil, sky, temperament, religion, political characters; the impress of race upon it. He saw, in a word, the unity of Greek life and history. He put a vital process in place of an abstract idea, a living organism in place of unrelated products of individual skill.

"Herder, fresh from the study of the Bible, of Shakespeare and of the English ballads, approached the study of history and literature in the same spirit. He put aside all ideas of artificial production; he saw that literature is a natural growth; that its roots are in the life of man, and that it responds to the changing conditions of that life as swiftly and surely as vegetation responds to a change of soil; each soil nourishing the growth to which it is specially adapted. The significant word with Herder was growth; because growth implies natural process as opposed to mechanical process, spontaneous impulse as distinguished from conscious action, genius as contrasted with artifice, and the personality of the writer as against abstract ideas. His thought of what goes to the making of a great work of literature is well expressed in these words of Goethe's: 'Everything that a man undertakes to produce, whether by action, word or in whatsoever way, ought to spring from the union of all his faculties.' In other words, a work of art is an expression of a man's whole nature and life; something that grows out of him and not something which he puts together with mechanical dexterity. Herder discerned the natural history of literature, its vital relation to the life behind it, its close and inevitable connection with human history and development. 'Poetry in those happy days,' he declared, 'lived in the ears of the people, on the lips and in the harps of living bards; it sang of history, of the events of the day, of mysteries, miracles and signs. It was the flower of a nation's character, language and country; of its occupations, its prejudices, its passions, its aspirations and its soul.' The epic was 'the living history of the people.' This view of life and its arts is now familiar to us, but it was strange and revolutionary to the contemporaries of Herder. It involved a reconstruction of ideas regarding art and a reorganisa-

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tion of knowledge. The great conception of society as a development, an unfolding under certain fixed conditions and laws, was implicit in it. Goethe, with his poetic sensitiveness to the approach of new ideas, and that amplitude of mind which made him hospitable to new truth, accepted the nature of man as having the authority of a revelation, and refused to reject any part of it. In history, religion, art and literature he discerned the endeavour of the soul to express itself, its experience and its hopes; the natural history of man is written in his works; they all issue from his life, and together they form the record and disclosure of his nature."*

*Short Studies in Literature.

In this view literature is a product of the entire personality of the writer, and, therefore, a revelation of the human spirit in its completeness and integrity. This conception is the largest and most important result of the critical movement in literature; the most significant product of the study, not of one piece or form of literature, nor of the literature of a race, but of all literature. It is the disclosure of this truth and its application, in noble and beautiful forms, which gives criticism its highest authority, and transforms it from a derivative into an original and creative art. It will always study, compare and judge; but it will also discover, reveal, refresh and liberate.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

JEWISH LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

A NOTED German Orientalist has said, "The Jews have always spoken a jargon." This is a hasty generalisation, and is as faulty as such general deductions usually are. It contains a germ of truth, however; and for this two factors in the history of the Jews have been at work. Enforced emigration from one language zone to another, and that in large masses, led the Jews to take away among their household gods the language which they had spoken in their former home. Enforced seclusion and segregation caused them to preserve their household gods as they had brought them. The Jews of Spain, when driven out of the peninsula in such appalling numbers during the fifteenth century, took their Castilian Spanish with them. To this day Ladino still exists as the every-day and, to a certain extent, as the literary language of Spanish Jews all along the shores of the Mediterranean and in the heart of the Turkish Empire. Even in their communal organisations Spanish terms have endured in countries where segregation was not enforced, but voluntary.

The German Rhine districts had from the earliest times been fruitful centres of Jewish life. The existence of Jews there was, however, never a stable one. The crusades in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the black death in the fourteenth century, drove them to the east of Europe at a time when civilisation was continually moving westward. Lithuania, Bohemia, Poland and Russia received the homeless wanderers; and though their tenure of life in those countries was also uncertain, and their existence there also loaded down with burdens which were almost unbearable, they continued to exist, to "increase and to multiply" there. In the sixteenth century Western Europe was almost free from Jewish admixture. Into their new homes, if homes they might be called, the Rhenish Jews had carried their high German Rhenish dialect. They were segregated; they kept that dialect, and it lies at the base of their language to-day.

Thus these Jews became to a certain extent bi-lingual, at least in those provinces where more or less freedom of intercourse was permitted with the people among whom they dwelt. They also became tri-lingual. Their national aspirations being relegated to the Messianic times, they became strictly religious com-

*A History of Jewish Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By Leo Wiener, Instructor of Slavic Languages at Harvard University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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munities. Hebrew was their religious language. Religion was in the home as well as in the synagogue. And so the home language became flavoured with the Hebrew dictionary and the Hebrew grammar. A German basis, upon which was added a little Polish or Russian, and in which was mixed a good sprinkling of Hebrew—such is the jüdisch-deutsch, the Judæo-German, or the Yiddish, as the Ghetto has learned to call it. The more enlightened, who preferred the Hebrew, the more modern, who preferred the pure German or the Polish or the Russian, dubbed it "jargon." They were wrong. It is neither "a confused, unintelligible language" nor "an artificial dialect." It is a language in process of development, but one which has never been able to get beyond the first stages of its development. The flexible character of a language in this condition has been mistaken. Strange to say, the Russian Jews have accepted the misnomer. They speak often to this day of their "jargon."

Other admixtures have not been wanting. The Polish Jews who settled in Holland in the seventeenth century have added Dutch words and forms to their Yiddish. The Russians and Galicians who settled in England and America during our own century have added English. But the essential character has remained unchanged. What lease of life can be prophesied for the Yiddish? Historical and social conditions alone will determine that. It has practically died out in Germany, where it has made way for modern German and for Hebrew. In Russia, during the sixties and seventies, it was also doomed. Russian literature and Russian culture were obtainable by the Jews. They eagerly grasped at them. But 1881 and 1882 changed all this. The Pale of Settlement is another great segregation. Forcibly cut off from the living stem of Russian life, Yiddish has gained new force. As long as Ghetto conditions prevail in the land of the little White Father, so long will the Ghetto language last. And the same is true in a greater or less degree of Galicia and Roumania. In England and America it is a matter of but one generation—so soon as immigration from the mother country is stopped or completely diminished. Free intercourse with surrounding peoples and English schools sound its death-knell.

Two distinct periods are clearly marked out in Yiddish literature, that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and that of the nineteenth. As a study of the dead past, the earlier literature is of extreme interest, for it shows how tenaciously the Jews of those centuries tried to get into line with the actual life of their day. They were not allowed to take part in its social and political life; but German folklore and German popular literature could not well be shut out even by the closed gates of the Ghetto and the Juden-Strasse. We have an idea that those gaberdined Jews were busied with nothing else but hair-splitting, Talmudic casuistry and with their own peculiar religious literature. But Bidpai, Æsop, Barlaam and Josaphat, were known and read in Hebrew adaptations. Many of the stories which clustered around the Legends of King Arthur's Court, of the Niebelungen, of Siegfried, of Dietrich of Berne and of the Thousand Nights and a Night, beguiled in a Judæo-German form the few leisure moments of the Ghetto. Even Boccaccio was not unknown. I have on my shelves a Yiddish translation of parts of the *Decameron*.

One of the most popular books of this kind was *Bovo-Maasez* or *Bovo-Tale*. It is an old acquaintance, Bevys of Hamptoun; and from the time when it was first done into Yiddish by Elias Levita in 1501 down to 1895 its popularity has not waned. These were worldly books, and to offset their influence the rabbis were forced to compose Yiddish works with a more strictly Jewish and religious colouring. They were meant wholly for home consumption. They were food for the women-folk; and while the men searched deeply into the hidden mysteries of the law, the women consoled themselves with these books in rabbinical Yiddish and shed many a tear as they pored over their pages.

But Mr. Wiener's book deals wholly with the Yiddish literature of the present century. He has made himself stepfather to a child which has been sadly neglected, even by its nearest relatives. Jewish writers upon Jewish literature, bibliographers *ex professio*, have passed over in silence or, at best, with a line or

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two, in which contempt was badly hidden, the continually increasing literature of five or six millions of their brethren. They looked upon the language in which it is written as "jargon" and unworthy of a place by the side of works written in pure Hebrew or in the languages of the modern great peoples. In this they were strengthened somewhat by the very authors themselves, who were nearly always on the verge of apologising for writing in Yiddish, and who never for a moment thought that it was deserving of grammatical treatment. Mr. Wiener is among the first to give us an adequate idea of the extent of this literature and of its place among the other literatures of the world. It will be hard for the reader to appreciate fully the difficulties which lay in his way. No literature is as ephemeral as is the Yiddish. It is the literature of a poor people written by poverty-stricken authors; poverty-stricken to such an extent that much of it has never been printed, but has circulated in manuscript form from hand to hand, from community to community. Even when given to the press, it has come out with all the marks of poverty besmirching its fair aspect—poor paper, worse ink, worst binding. Quickly sought for, quickly read and quickly thrown away. Mr. Wiener went especially to Russia, Poland, Galicia and Bulgaria in search of stray chap-books and chance leaves; and, having gotten together the best collection which has yet been made, he has generously handed it over to the library of Harvard University.

The impetus which led to a revival of Yiddish letters came originally from Germany. Toward the end of the last century, Moses Mendelssohn was the great and active force which drove the German Jews into German literature. His translation of the Pentateuch into pure German, though printed with Hebrew letters, marks the passing of the Judæo-German in the country of its birth. Strictly observant Jew himself, the pupil of a Galician rabbi, he had won for himself a place in German literature. The attempt of the school which he founded was directed to bringing modern thought into the ancient Jewish mind. It is natural that the fiercest opposition arose; the orthodox Jews looked askance at the Mendelssohnian Reform as leading away from the field of Judaism; in which view they were strengthened by the life and acts of many of Mendelssohn's friends and of members of his own family. The Haskala, as the movement was called, found its way into Russia some fifty years later, having first passed through Austria and Galicia. In Russia it had to fight not only against orthodoxy, but also against Khassidism, a mysticism which had gained the strongest foothold in Russia, and which dominated its votaries from within with a sternness which equalled that of the government from without. The Haskala writers had didactic ends in view. They had first used Hebrew and German. But both these languages did not bring them near to the heart of the people. They were forced to take up Yiddish. M. M. Lefin was the first in Galicia to brave the sneers of his brethren and to write as the people spoke. In Russia the names of J. B. Levensohn, A. B. Gottlober, S. Ettinger, will ever be remembered as leaders of their people to better and to higher things. They would have succeeded in time, but the May Laws of Count Ignatieff cut their work short. In the new Egyptian bondage to which the Jews of Russia were condemned, it would have been cruelty to attempt to teach. What meaning could culture and enlightenment, what sense could German and Russian literature, have to those whose houses were pillaged and whose women were desecrated? They needed consolation and sympathy; strength from within, in order to bear up under the heavy burden. And the teachers rose to the occasion—they ministered to the heart-broken spirit and the breaking courage. Since 1881 Yiddish literature has again run on the road of a popular literature. It pictures conditions as they are; it is a reflex of the actual life of the people. And as such it demands the attention of the student and the *littérateur.*

It will now be plain why a good deal of the earlier literature is made up of translations—from Heine, from Schiller, Goethe, Lessing and Richter. But these translations were merely stepping-stones. The writers mentioned above soon commenced to compose on their own account. To them may be added W. Ehrenkranz, B. Broder, D. Apotheke, Linetzki and Schafer, in Galicia; S. Berenstein, A.

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Goldfaden, J. L. Gordon, E. Zunser and Abramowitsch, in Russia. They were all poets, writing lyric and didactic poetry and making the freest use of the allegory. A few had gained a reputation in Russian letters before they came back again into the bosom of their own people, and gave up fame and ease to do service for their suffering brethren. Such a one was S. Frug. But his education had already lifted him above the plane of other writers, and both he and L. Perez were too literary ever to become popular bards. Of Perez, Wiener says: "It is only an unfortunate accident, the persecution of the Jews, that has thrown him into so unpromising a field as that of Judæo-German letters, where to be great is to be unknown to the world at large."

Many of these poets left Russia during the era of persecution and came to the United States. It is a question whether Yiddish letters gained by the change. In Russia the Government held them in its cruel grip; in New York and Chicago the sweatshop. Had economic conditions been different, the change might have been a benefit. But the poet's horizon now was limited, if it got beyond the shop, by the Bowery and East Broadway. The old national poems are being superseded by weak imitations of "Daisy Bell," "Do, Do, my Huckleberry, Do," "The Bowery Girl" and other American ballads. It is a wonder, however, that the poet's Muse can still wing its flight; that Zunser in his printing-office can sing of the plough, and that Morris Rosenfeld can see the beautiful flowers and hear the sweet-tongued birds amid the hum of the ever-working sewing-machine. Is it a wonder that a *welt-Schmerz* furnishes the ground tone of all his music? Rosenfeld's "In the Sweatshop," especially if you hear the author declaim it as I have, makes Hood's "Song of the Shirt" seem almost light-hearted. His "Wohin," in which a girl, as she goes to the factory at early morning, or hurries to her night of shame, has but one and the same answer, "Ich gèh' vardienen," pictures the havoc done to family life by poverty and misery. As we think over the lives which the most of these immigrants have been forced to lead, can we wonder that the Socialists have found a poet in Morris Winchewsky, or the Anarchists in David Edelstadt?

The prose writings of the Yiddish authors show the same development as do the poetic—in the sixties and seventies didactic, in the effort to introduce the Haskala and to oppose the mystics; in the eighties and nineties descriptive and imaginative. This didactic tendency is clearly seen in the first novel written by Lefin, and called *The First Khassid;* and the same is true of that prolific writer I. Aksenfeld. He is said to have written twenty-six books, "of which only five were printed in the sixties; the rest are said to be stored away somewhere in a loft in Odessa, where they are held as security for a debt incurred by the trustees of his estate." Ettinger, Gottlober and Levensohn appear here again; and later on Zederbaum, Abramowitsch, Linetzki, Dick and Schaekewitsch, to whom more than one hundred works are attributed. Since 1881 Zederbaum, M. Spector, S. Rabinowitsch and L. Perez bear off the palm. In America it is the Yiddish newspaper and the Yiddish journal which have furnished the camping ground for whole hosts of writers. The lives of these journals have for the most part been short, but as soon as they die others quickly arise to take their place. America is as little a promising field for Yiddish prose as it is for Yiddish verse; and the Yiddish drama, which in New York has grown much more prolifically than in any of the European Ghettos, has deteriorated out of all semblance to its original.

Such is a general picture of an altogether unknown literature. It deserves a better fate. We go hunting into the recesses of Africa and Asia for the slightest trace of the workings of the human spirit and the expression of human hopes. Where our sympathies are so broad, we should not neglect a literature which, like the Yiddish, is so unique in its kind and so close to our door. The Russian immigration has brought thousands, whose only literature it is, to our shores. If we would understand the spiritual life of this new element in our population, we must needs understand its expression in literature. Dr. Wiener has done us a real service in making this understanding possible. *Richard Gottheil.*

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JANICE MEREDITH*

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

XXIII.

AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

The prisoner's arms were hurriedly tied and he was mounted behind one of the troopers. Janice meanwhile, who had been seized by Philemon and drawn to one side out of the struggle, besought permission of her special captor to speak to Brereton, her fright over the surprise and her dread of what was to come both forgotten in the horror and misery the last words of the aide caused her. The jealousy of the lover, united to the strictness of the soldier, made Philemon heedless of her prayers and tears, and finally, when the cavalcade was ready to start, she was forced to mount her namesake, and, with such seat as she could keep in the man's saddle, ride between Colonel Harcourt and Hennion.

No better fortune awaited her at Greenwood, the captive being taken to the kitchen, while the culprit was escorted to the parlor, to stand, shivering, frightened and tearful, as her father and mother berated her for most of the sins of the Decalogue.

Fortunately for the maid, other hearts were not so sternly disapproving, and Evatt, after waiting till the girl's distress was finding expression in breathless sobs, in order that she might be the more properly grateful, at last interfered.

"Come, come, squire," he interjected, crossing to the bowed form, and taking one of Janice's hands consolingly, "the lass has been giddy, but 'tis an ill wind, for through it we have one fine bird secured yonder, to say nothing of an even bigger prize in prospect. Cry a truce, therefore, and let the child go to bed."

"Ay, go to thy room, miss," commanded Mrs. Meredith, who had in truth exhausted her vocabulary, if not her wrath. "A pretty hour for you to be out of bed, indeed!"

Janice, conscious at the moment of but one partisan, turned to Evatt. "Oh, please," she besought, "mayn't I say just one word to Colonel Brereton—just to tell him that I didn't—"

"Hast not shamed us enough for one night with thy stolen interviews!" ejaculated her mother. "To thy room this instant."

Made fairly desperate, Janice was actually raising her head to protest, when Harcourt and Philemon entered.

"One moment, madam," intervened the colonel. "I have been plying our prisoner with questions, and have some to ask of your daughter. Now, Miss Meredith, Lee's letter, that we found on the prisoner, has told us all we need, but we want to test the prisoner's statements by yours. Look to it that you speak us truly, for if we find any false swearing or quibbling 'twill fare ill with you." Then for three or four minutes the officer examined the girl concerning her first interview with the rebel officer, seeking to gain additional information as to Lee's whereabout. Finding that Janice really knew nothing more than had been overheard in the Van Meter barn, he ended the examination by turning to Philemon and saying:

"Sound boots and saddles, Lieutenant Hennion. You can guide us, I take it, to this tavern where General Lee is said to be?"

"That I kin," asserted Phil. "Though 'twill be a stiff ride to git there afore morning."

As the two officers went toward the door Janice made her petition anew. "Colonel Harcourt, may I have word with Colonel—with the prisoner, that he shall not think 'twas my treachery?" she pleaded.

"I advise agin it, Colonel Harcourt," interjected Philemon, his face red with some emotion. "That prisoner's a sly, sneaky tyke, and—"

"Get the troop mounted, Mr. Hennion," commanded his superior. "Mr. Meredith, I leave our captive in charge of a sergeant and two troopers, with orders that if I am not back within twenty-four hours he be taken to Brunswick. Whether we succeed or fail in our foray, Sir William shall hear of the service you have been to us." Unheeding Janice's plea, the colonel left the room, and a moment

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later the bugle sounded in quick succession, "To horse," "The assembly," "The march," and "By fours, forward."

Interest in the departing cavalry drew the elders to the windows, and in this preoccupation Janice saw her opportunity to gain by stealth what had been denied her. Slipping silently from the parlour, she sped through hall and dining-room, pausing only when the kitchen doorway was attained, her courage wellnigh gone at the thought that the aide might refuse to believe her protestations of innocence. Certainly that she had but a moment in which to explain prevented hesitancy, and she entered the kitchen.

The two troopers were already stretched at full length on the floor, their feet to the fire, while the sergeant sat by the table, with a pitcher of small beer and a pipe to solace his particular hours of guard mount over the prisoner. The latter was seated near the fire, his arms drawn behind him by a rope which passed through the slats of the chair back. So far as these fetters would permit, Brereton was slouched forward, with his chin resting on his chest in a most break-neck attitude, sound asleep. There could be no doubt about it, beyond credence though it was to the girl! While she had been miserably conceiving the officer as ablaze with wrath at her, he, with the philosophy of the experienced soldier, had not lost a moment in getting what rest he could after his forty-eight hours of hard riding.

Such callousness was to Janice a source of indignation, and as she debated whether she should wake the slumberer and make her explanation, or punish his apathy by letting him sleep, Mrs. Meredith's voice calling her name in a not-to-be-misunderstood tone turned the balance, and, speeding up the servant's stairway, Janice was able to answer her mother's third call from her own room. Worn out by excitement, worry and physical fatigue, the girl, like the soldier, soon found oblivion from both past and future.

It was well toward morning when a finish was made to the night's doings, and the early habits of the household were for once neglected to such an extent that the dragoons at last lost patience and roused Peg and Sukey with loudly shouted demands for breakfast; a racket which served to set all astir once more.

With the conclusion of the morning meal, Janice rose from the table and went toward the kitchen, an action which at once caused Mrs. Meredith to demand: "Whither art thou going, child?"

Facing about, the girl replied with some show of firmness: "'Tis but fair that Colonel Brereton should know I had no hand in his capture; and I have a right to tell him so."

"You will do nothing of the sort," denied Mrs. Meredith. "Was not thy conduct last evening indelicate enough, but thou must seek to repeat it?"

Janice, with her hand on the knob, began to sob. "'Tis dreadful," she moaned, "after his doing what he did for us at York and later, that he should think I had a hand in his capture."

"Tush, Jan," ejaculated the squire fretfully, the more that his conscience had already secretly blamed him. "No gratitude I owe the rogue, if both sides of the ledger be balanced. 'Tis he brought about the scrape that led to my arrest."

"Ay," went on Mrs. Meredith, delighted to be thus supported. "I have small doubt thy indelicacy with him will land us all in prison. Such folly is beyond belief, and came not from my family, Mr. Meredith," she added, turning on her husband.

"Well, well, wife; all the folly in the lass scarce comes from my side, for 'tis to be remembered that ye were foolish enough to marry me," suggested the squire placably, his anger at his daughter already melted by the sight of her distress. "Don't be too stern with the child; she is yet but a filly."

"You mean but a silly," snapped Mrs. Meredith, made the more angry by his defence of the girl. "Men are all of a piece and cannot hold anger if the eyes be bright, or the waist be slim," she thought to herself wrathfully, quite forgetful of the time when that very tendency in masculine kind had been to her one of its merits. "Set to on the quilt, girl, and see to it that there's no sneaking to the kitchen."

Scarcely had Janice, obedient to her mother's behest, seated herself at the big quilting-frame, when Evatt joined her.

"They treat ye harshly, Miss Janice," he remarked sympathetically, "but 'tis an unforgiving world, as I have good cause to wot."

Janice, who had stooped lower over the patches when first he spoke, flashed her eyes up for an instant, and then dropped them again.

"And one is blamed and punished for much that deserves it not. I' faith, I know one man who stands disgraced to the woman he loves best, for no better cause than that the depth of his passion was so boundless that he went to every length to gain her."

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The quilter fitted a red calimanco patch in place, and studied the effect with intense interest.

"Wouldst like me to carry a message to the prisoner, Miss Janice?"

"Oh, will you?" murmured the girl gratefully and eagerly. "Wilt tell him that I knew nothing of the plan to capture him, and was only trying to aid his escape? That after all his kindness, I would never—"

Here the eager flow of words received a check by the re-entrance of Mrs. Meredith. Dropping his hand upon the quilting-frame so that it covered one of the girl's, the commissary conveyed by a slight pressure a pledge of fulfilment of her wish, and, after a few moments' passing chat, left the room. Before a lapse of ten minutes he returned, and took a chair near the girl.

Glancing at her mother, to see if her eyes wandered from the sock she was resoling, Janice raised her eyebrows with furtive inquiry. In answer Evatt shook his head.

"'Tis a curious commentary on man," he observed thoughtfully, "that he always looks on the black side of his fellow-creatures, and will not believe that they can be honest and truthful."

"Man is born in sin," asserted Mrs. Meredith. "Janice, that last patch is misplaced; pay heed to thy work."

"I lately had occasion to justify an action to a man," went on Evatt, "but no, the scurvy fellow would put no faith in my words, insisting that the person I sought to clear was covinous and tricky, and wholly unworthy of trust."

"The thoughts of a man who prefers to think such things," broke in Janice hotly, "are of no moment."

"You are quite right, Miss Janice," assented the emissary, "and I would I'd had the wit to tell him so. 'Tis my intention some day to call him to account for his words."

Further communion on this topic was interrupted by the coming of Mr. Meredith, and during the whole day the two were never alone. His forgiveness partly won by his service, the commissary ventured to take a seat beside the quilter, and sought to increase his favour with her by all the arts of tongue and manner he had at command. As these were manifold, he saw no reason, as dusk set in, to be dissatisfied with the day's results. Inexperienced as Janice was, she could not know that the cooler and less ardent the man the better he plays the lover's part, and while she never quite forgot his previous deceit, nor the trouble into which he had persuaded her, yet she was thoroughly entertained by what he had to tell her, the more that under all his words he managed to convey an admiration and devotion which did not fail to flatter the girl, even though it stirred in her no response. Entertained as she might be, her thoughts were not so occupied by the charm and honey of Evatt's attentions as to pretermit all dwelling on the aide's opinion of her, and this was shown when finally an interruption set her free from observation.

It was after nightfall ere there was any variation of the monotonous quiet, and indeed the tall clock had just announced the usual bedtime of the family when Clarion's bark made the squire sit up from his drowse before the fire, and set all listening. Presently came the now familiar sound of hoof-beat and sabre-clank; springing to his feet and seizing a candle, Mr. Meredith was at the front door as a troop trotted in from the road.

"What cheer?" called the master of Greenwood.

"'Twas played to a nicety," answered the voice of Harcourt, as he threw himself from the saddle. "Sound the stable call, bugler. Dismount your prisoner, sergeant, and bring him in," he ordered; and then continued to the host: "We had the tavern surrounded, Mr. Meredith, ere they so much as knew, bagged our game, and here we are."

The words served to carry the two to the parlour, and closely following came a sergeant and trooper, while between them, clothed in a very soiled dressing-gown, and a still dirtier shirt, in slippers, his cue still undressed, and with hands tied behind his back, walked the general, who but a few hours before had been boasting of how he was to save the Continental cause.

"If you have pity in you," besought the prisoner, "let me warm myself. What method of waging war is it which forces a man to ride thirty miles in such weather in such clothes? For the sake of former acquaintance, Mr. Meredith, give me something hot to drink."

In the excitement and confusion of the new arrivals, Janice had seen her chance, and, intent upon making her own statement of justification, she once again stole from the parlour and into the kitchen, so softly that the occupants of neither room were aware of escape or advent. She found the prisoner still tied to his chair, his body and head hanging forward in an attitude denoting weariness, Sukey engaged in cutting slices of bacon in probable expectation of demands from the

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newcomers, while the single trooper on guard had just opened the entry door, and was shouting inquiries concerning the success of the raid to his fellow-dragoons as they passed to the stable.

Acting on a sudden impulse which gave her no time for consideration, Janice caught the knife from the hand of Sukey, and, with two hasty strokes, cut the cord where it was passed through the slats of the chair-back, setting the prisoner free.

"Fo' de good Lord in hebin—" began the cook in amazement; but, as the import of her young mistress's act dawned upon her, she ran to the fireplace and, catching up a log of wood, held it out to Brereton.

Owing to his stooping posture, the release of the cords had caused the aide to fall forward out of the chair, but he instantly scrambled to his feet, and without so much as a glance behind him, seized the billet from the hands of the cook and sprang toward the doorway, reaching it at the moment the dragoon turned about to learn the cause of the sudden commotion. Bringing the log down with crushing force on the man's head, Jack stooped as the man plunged forward, possessed himself of his sabre, caught one of the long cavalry capotes from its hoop in the entry, and, banging to the door, vanished in the outer darkness. There he stood for a moment, listening intently, apparently in doubt as to his next step; then electing the bolder course, he threw the coat about his shoulders, fastened the sabre to his side, and ran to the stable, where the tired troopers, in the dim light furnished by a solitary lantern, were now dismounting from their horses. Without hesitation the aide walked among them, and in a disguised voice announced: "Colonel Harcourt orders me to look to his horse."

"Here," called a man, and the fugitive stepped forward and caught the bridle the trooper threw to him. He stood quietly while the dragoons one by one led their horses into the stable, then pulling gently on the reins, he slowly walked the colonel's horse forward, as if to follow their example, but, turning a little to the left, he passed softly around the side of the building. Letting down the bars into the next field, he quickened his pace until the road was reached; swinging himself into the saddle, he once more spurred northward.

"Poor brute," he remarked, "spent as thou art, we must make a push for it until beyond the Bound Brook, if I am to save my bacon. 'Tis a hard fate that makes thee serve both sides by turn, until there is no go left in thee. Luckily, the other horses are as tired as thou, or my escape would be very questionable, even though I had wit enough about me to see to it that I got the officer's mount. Egad! a queer shift it is that ends with Lee in their hands and me spurring northward to repeat the general's orders to Sullivan. Who knows but Mrs. Meredith and the parson may be right in their holding to foreordination?"

XXIV.

UNDER DURANCE.

As Brereton slammed the kitchen door behind him the girl ran to the assistance of the injured trooper, only to recoil at sight of the blood flowing from mouth and nose, and in uncontrollable horror and fright she fled to her own room. Here, cowering and shivering, she threw herself on the bed, her breath coming fast and short, as she waited for the sword of vengeance to fall. Ere many seconds the sounds below told her that the escape had been discovered, bangings of doors, shouts, bugle calls, and the clatter of horses' feet each in succession giving her fresh terror. Yet minute after minute passed without any one coming to find her, and at last the suspense became so intolerable that the girl rose and went to the head of the stairs to listen. From that point of vantage she could hear in the dining-room the voice of Harcourt sternly asking questions, the replies to which were so inarticulate and so intermixed with sobs and wails that Janice could do no more than realise that the cook was under examination. Harcourt's inquiries, however, served to reveal that the faithful Sukey was endeavouring to conceal her young mistress's part in the prisoner's escape; and as Janice gathered this, the figure which but a moment before had expressed such fear suddenly straightened, and without hesitation she ran down the stairs and entered the dining-room just in time to hear Sukey affirm:

"I dun it, I tells yo', I dun it, and dat's all I will tells yo'."

"Colonel Harcourt," announced the girl steadily, "Sukey didn't do it. I took the knife from her and cut the prisoner loose before she knew what I had in mind."

"Doan youse believe one word dat chile says," protested Sukey.

"It is true," urged Janice, as eager to assume the guilt as five minutes before she had been anxious to escape it, "and if you want proof, you will find the knife on my bed upstairs."

"Oh, missy, missy!" cried Sukey, "wha' fo'

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youse tell dat? Now dey kill yo' an' not ole Sukey," and the sobs of the slave redoubled as she threw herself on the floor in the intensity of her grief.

It took but few interrogations on the part of Harcourt to wring all the truth from the culprit, and ordering her to follow him to the parlour, he angrily denounced the girl to her parents. Much to her surprise, she found that this latest enormity called forth less of an outburst than her previous misconduct, her father being quite staggered by its daring and seriousness, while Mrs. Meredith, with a sudden display of maternal tenderness that Janice had not seen for years, took the girl in her arms, and tried to soothe and comfort her.

One more friend in need proved to be Evatt, who, when Harcourt declared that the girl should be carried to Princeton in the morning, along with Lee, that Lord Cornwallis might decide as to her punishment, sought to make the officer take less summary measures, but vainly, except to win the concession that if Hennion recaptured the prisoner he would take a less drastic course. The morrow brought a return of the pursuing party, empty-handed, and in a hasty consultation it was agreed that the squire should accompany Janice, leaving Mrs. Meredith under the protection of Philemon; an arrangement by no means pleasing to the young lieutenant, and made the less palatable by the commissary's announcement that he should retrace his own steps to Princeton in the hope of being of service to his friends. Philemon's protests were ineffectual, however, to secure any amendment, and the sleigh, with Brereton's mare and Joggles to pull it, received the three, and, together with Lee and the escort, set out for headquarters about noon.

With the arrival at Nassau Hall, then serving as barracks for the force centred there, a fresh complication arose, for Colonel Harcourt learned that Lord Cornwallis, having seen his force safely in winter quarters at Princeton, Trenton and Burlington, had departed the day previous for New York, while General Grant, who succeeded him, was still at Trenton. Taking the night to consider what was best to be done, Harcourt made up his mind to carry his prisoners to New York, a decision which called forth most energetic protests from the squire, who had contrived in the doings of the last two days to take cold, and now asserted that an attack of the gout was beginning. His pleadings were well seconded by Mr. Evatt, and not to harass too much one known to be friendly both to the cause and to the commander-in-chief, the colonel finally consented that the fate of Janice should be left to the general in command. This decided, Lee was once more mounted, and captive and captors set about retracing their steps, while the sleigh carried the squire and Janice, under guard, on to Trenton, Mr. Meredith having elected to make the short trip to that town rather than await the indefinite return of Grant.

It was dusk when they reached Trenton, and once more they were doomed to a disappointment, for the major-general had departed to Mount Holly. Mr. Meredith's condition, as well as nightfall, put further travel out of the question, and an appeal was made to Rahl, the Hessian colonel commanding the brigade which held the town, to permit them to remain, which, thanks to the influence of Evatt, was readily granted, on condition that they could find quarters for themselves.

"No fear," averred the squire cheerily. "I'll never want for sup or bed in Trenton while Thomas Drinker lives."

"Ach!" exclaimed the colonel. "Dod iss mein blace ver I sleeps und eats und drinks. Und all bessitzen you will it find."

Notwithstanding the warning, the sleigh was driven to the Drinkers' door, now flanked by a battery of field-pieces, and in front of which paced sentries, who refused to let them pass. Their protests served to attract the attention of the inmates, and brought the trio of Drinkers running to the door; in another moment the two girls were locked in each other's arms, while Mr. Meredith put his question concerning possible hospitality.

"Ay, in with you all, Friend Lambert," cried Mr. Drinker, leading the way. "Thee'll find us pushed into the garret, and forced to eat at second table, while our masters take our best, but of what they leave us thou shalt have thy share."

"Is't so bad as that?" marvelled Mr. Meredith, as, passing by the parlour, he was shown into the kitchen, and a chair set for him before the fire.

"Thee knows the tenets of our faith, and that I accept them," replied the Quaker. "Yet the last few days have made me feel that non-resistance—"

"Thomas!" reproved his sister. "Say it not, for when the curse is o'er 'twill grieve thee to have even thought it."

If the tempered spirit of the elders spoke thus, it was more than the warm blood of youth could do, and Tabitha gave a loose to her woes.

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"'Tis past endurance!" she cried, "to come and treat us all as if we were enemies who had no right even to breathe. They take possession of our houses and turn them into pigsties with their filthy German ways; they eat our best and make us slave for them day and night; they plunder as they please, not merely our cattle and corn, so that we are forced to beg back from them the very food we eat, but take as well our horses, our silver, our clothes, and whatever else happens to please their fancy. The regiment of Lossberg has at this moment nine wagon-loads of plunder in the Fremantle barn. No woman is safe on the streets after nightfall, and scarcely so in the daytime, while night after night the town rings with their drunken carousals. I told Friend Penrhyn the other night that if he had the spunk of a house cat he would get something to fight with, if 'twere nothing better than a toasting-fork tied to a stick, and cross the river to Washington; and so I say to every man who stays in Trenton. I only wish I were a man!"

"Hush, Tabitha!" chided Miss Drinker, "'tis God's will that we suffer as we do, and thee should bow to it."

"I don't believe it's God's will that we should be turned out of our rooms and made to live in the garret, or even in the barns, as some are forced to do; I don't believe it's God's will that they should have taken our silver tea-service and spoons. If God is just, He must want Washington to beat them, and so every man would be doing God's work who went to help him." Evidently with whatever strength her father and aunt held to the tenets of their sect, Tabitha's was not sufficiently ingrained to stand the test of the Hessian occupation.

"Dost think it is God's work to kill fellow-mortals?" expostulated Miss Drinker. "No more of such talk, child; it is time we were making ready for supper."

There was, however, very much more talk of this kind over the hastily improvised meal, and small wonder for it. In a town of less than a thousand inhabitants, nearly thirteen hundred troops, with their inevitable camp followers, were forcibly quartered, filling every house and every barn, to the dire discomfort of the people. As if this in itself were not enough, the Hessian soldiery, habituated to the plundering of European warfare, and who had been sold at so much per head by their royal rulers to fight another country's battles, brought with them to America ideas of warfare which might serve to conquer, but would never serve to pacify England's colonies. Open and violent seizure had been made, without regard to the political tenets of the owner, of every kind of provision; and this had generally been accompanied with stealthy plundering of much else by the common soldiery, and, indeed, by some of the officers. Thus, in every way, despite their submissions and oaths of allegiance to King George, the Jerseymen were being treated as if they were enemies.

Of this treatment the Drinker family was a fair example. Without so much as "by your leave," Colonel Rahl had taken possession of the first two floors of their house for himself and the six or seven officers whom he made his boon companions. Moreover, Mr. Drinker was called upon to furnish food, firewood, and even forage for them; while his servants were compelled to labour from morning till night in the service of the new overlords.

When the squire, after his fatiguing day, was compelled, along with his host and hostess and the girls, to climb two flights of stairs to an ice-cold garret, his loyalty was little warmer than the atmosphere, and when the five were further forced to make the best they could of two narrow trundle-beds, but a brief time before deemed none too good for the coloured servitors, with a scanty supply of bedclothes to eke the discomfort, he became quite of the same mind with Tabitha. Even the most flaming love of royalty and realm serves not to keep warm toes extended beyond short blankets at Christmas-tide. It is not strange that late in December, 1776, all Jersey was mined with discontent, and needed but the spark of Continental success to explode.

Evatt had left his friends after the interview with Rahl, to quarter himself upon an army acquaintance, and thus knew nothing of the hardships to which they were subjected. When he heard in the morning how they had fared, he at once sought the commander, and by a shrewd exaggeration of the Merediths' relations with Howe, supplemented by some guineas, secured the banishment of enough officers from the house to restore to the Drinkers two of their rooms.

To contribute to their entertainment, as well as to their comfort, he brought them word that Colonel Rahl, by his favour, bid them all to a Christmas festival the following day, and when Mr. and Miss Drinker refused to have aught to do with an unknown German, and possibly Papistical, if not devilish orgy, he obtained the rescinding of this veto by pointing out how unwise it would be to offend a man

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on whom their comfort for the winter so much depended.

It was, as it proved, a very novel and wonderful experience to the girls. After the two o'clock dinner that the invading force had compelled the town to adopt, the three regiments of Anspach, Lossberg and Rahl, and the detachments of the Yagers and Light Horse, with beating drums and flying colours, paraded from one end of the town to the other, ending with a review immediately in front of the Drinkers' house. Following this the regimental bands of hautboys played a series of German airs which the now disbanded rank and file joined in vocally. Then as night and snow set in, a general move was made indoors, at Rahl's quarters, to the parlour, where a tall spruce tree, brilliant with lighted tallow dips, and decorated with bits of coloured paper, red-tinted eggs, and not a little of the recent plunder, drew forth cries of admiration from both Janice and Tabitha, neither of whom had ever seen the like.

After a due enjoyment of the tree's beauty, the gifts were distributed, and then the company went to the dining-room, where the table sagged with the best that barnyard and pantry could be made to produce, plus a perfect forest of bottles—tall, squat and bulbous. The sight of such goodly plenty was irresistible, and the cheer and merriment grew apace. The girls, eagerly served and all the time surrounded by a host of such officers as could speak English, and, in fact, by some who, for want of that language, could only show their admiration by ardent glances, were vastly set up by the unaccustomed attentions; the squire felt a new warmth of loyalty creep through his blood with the draining of each glass; and even Miss Drinker's sallow and belined spinster face took on a rosy hue and a cheerful smile as the evening advanced.

A crescendo of enjoyment secured by means of wine is apt to lack restraint, and presently, as the fun grew, it began to verge on the riotous. The officers pressed about the girls until the two were separated, and Janice found herself in a corner surrounded by flushed-faced men who elbowed and almost wrestled with each other as to which should stand closest to her. Suddenly one man so far forgot himself as to catch her about the waist, and but for a prompt ducking of her head as she struggled to free herself, she would have been forcibly kissed. Her cries rose above the sounds of conviviality, but even before the first was uttered, Evatt, who had kept close to her the whole evening, struck the officer, and the whole room was instantly in a turmoil, the women screaming, the combatants locked, others struggling to separate them, and Rahl shouting half-drunken orders and curses. Just as the uproar was at its greatest came a loud thundering at the door, and when it was opened a becloaked dragoon, white with snow, entered and gave Rahl a despatch. Both the dispute and the conviviality ceased, as every one paused to see what the despatch portended.

The commander was by this time so fuddled with drink that he could not so much as break the seal, much less read the contents, and the commissary, who for personal reasons had been drinking lightly, came to his assistance, and read aloud as follows:

BURLINGTON, Dec. 25, 1776.

SIR—By a spy just come in I have word that Mr. Washington, being informed of our troops having marched into winter quarters, and having been reinforced by the arrival of a column under the command of Sullivan, meditates an attack on some of our posts. I do not believe that in the present state of the river a crossing is possible, but be assured my information is undoubtedly true, and in case the ice clears I advise you to be upon your guard against an unexpected attack at Trenton.

I am, sir, your most obed't h'ble serv't,

JAMES GRANT, Major-General.

"Nein, nein," grunted Rahl tipsily, "I mineself has vort dat Vashinfton's mens hass neider shoes nor blankets, und die mit cold und hunger. Dey vil not cross to dis side, mooch ice or no ice, but if dey do, we prisoners of dem make."

And once more the toasting and merry-making was resumed.

With not a little foresight the three ladies had availed themselves of the lull to escape from the festival to their own room, where, not content with locks and bolts, nothing would do Miss Drinker, as the sounds below swelled in volume and laxity, but that the heavy bureau should be moved against the door as an additional barrier.

"Our peril is dire," she admonished the girls, "and if to-morrow's sun finds me escaped unharmed I shall thank Heaven indeed." Then she proceeded to lecture Janice. "Be assured thee must have given the lewd creatures some encouragement or they would never have dared a familiarity. Not a one of them showed me the slightest disrespect!"

"Oh, Jan," whispered Tibbie, once they were in bed and snuggled close together, "if thee hadst been kissed!"

"What then?" questioned the maiden.

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"It would be so horrible to be kissed by a man!" declared the friend.

"Wilt promise to never, never tell?" asked Janice, with bated breath.

"Cross my heart," vowed Tabitha.

"It—well—I— It isn't as terrible as you'd think, Tibbie!"

XXV.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS PARTY.

At the same hour that the Hessians were parading through the village streets a horseman was speeding along the river road on the opposite side of the Delaware. As he came opposite the town, the blare of the hautboys sounded faintly across the water, and he checked his horse to listen for a moment, and then spurred on.

"Ay, prick up your ears," he muttered to his steed. "Your friends are holding high carnival, and I wonder not that you long to be with them, 'stead of carrying vain messages in a lost cause. But for this damned flow of ice you'd have had your wish this very night."

A hundred rods brought the rider within sight of the cross-road at Yardley's Ferry, just as a second horseman issued from it. The first hastily unbuckled and threw back his holster flap, even while he pressed his horse to come up with the new arrival; while the latter, hearing the sound of hoofs, halted and twisted about in his saddle.

"Well met, Brereton," he called when the space between had lessened. "I am seeking his Excellency, who, I was told at Newtown, was to be found at Mackonkey's Ferry. Canst give me a guidance?"

"You could find your way, Wilkinson, by following the track of Mercer's brigade. For the last three miles I could have kept the route, even if I knew not the road, by the bloody footprints. Look at the stains on the snow."

"Poor fellows!" responded Wilkinson feelingly.

"Seven miles they've marched to-day, with scarce a sound boot to a company, and now they'll be marched back with not so much as a sight of the enemy."

"You think the attack impossible?"

"Impossible!" ejaculated Brereton. "Look at the rush of ice, man. 'Twould be absolute madness to attempt a crossing. The plan was for Cadwallader's brigade to attack Burlington at the same time we made our attempt, but I bring word from there that the river is impassable and the plan abandoned. His Excellency cannot fight both the British and such weather."

"I thought the game up when my general refused the command and set out for Philadelphia," remarked Wilkinson.

"Gates is too good a politician and too little of a fighter to like forlorn hopes," sneered Brereton. "He leaves Washington to bear the risk, and, Lee being out of the way, sets off at once to make favour with Congress, hoping, I have little doubt, that another discomfiture or miscarriage will serve to put him in the saddle. If we are finally conquered, 'twill not be by defeat in the field, but by the dirty politics with which this nation is riddled, and which makes a man general because he comes from the right State, and knows how to wire-pull and intrigue. Faugh!"

A half-hour served to bring them to their destination, a rude wooden pier, employed to conduct teams to the ferry-boat. Now, however, the ice was drifted and wedged in layers and hummocks some feet beyond its end, and outside this rushed the river, black and silent, save for the dull crunch of the ice-floes as they ground against each other in their race down the stream. On the end of the dock stood a solitary figure watching a number of men, who, with pick and axe, were cutting away the lodged ice that blocked the pier, while already a motley variety of boats being filled with men could be seen at each point of the shore where the ground ice made embarkation possible. Along the banks groups of soldiers were clustered about fires of fence-rails wherever timber or wall offered the slightest shelter.

Dismounting, the two aides walked to the dock and delivered their letters to the commander. Taking the papers, Washington gave a final exhortation to the sappers and miners. "Look alive there, men. Every minute now is worth an hour to-morrow," and, followed by Brereton, walked to the ferry-house that he might find light with which to read the despatches. By the aid of the besmoked hall lantern, he glanced hastily through the two letters. "General Gates leaves to us all the honour to be gained to-night. Colonel Cadwallader declares it impossible to get his guns across," he told his aide, without a trace of emotion in his voice, as he quietly refolded the despatches and handed them to him. Then his eye flashed with a sudden exultation as he continued: "It seems there are some in our own force, as well as the enemy, who need a lesson in winter campaigning."

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"Then your Excellency intends to attempt a crossing?" deprecated Brereton.

"We shall attack Trenton before daybreak, Brereton; and as we are like to have a cold and wet march, stay you within doors and warm yourself after your ride. You are not needed, and there is a good fire in the kitchen."

Brereton, with a shake of his head, stepped from the hallway into the kitchen. Only one man was in the room, and he, seated at the table, was occupied in rolling cartridges.

"Ho, parson, this is new work for you," greeted Brereton, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder. "You are putting your sulphur and brimstone in concrete form."

"Ay," assented McClave, "and as befits my calling, properly combining them with religion."

"How so?" demanded Brereton, taking his position before the fire.

"You see, man," explained the presbyter, "it occurred to me that, on so wet a night, 'twould be almost impossible for the troops to keep their cartridges dry, since scarce a one in ten has a proper cartouch-box; so I set to making some new ones, and, having no paper, I'm e'en using the leaves of my own copy of Watts's psalms."

"A good thought," said Brereton, "and if you will give them to me I will see to it that they be kept dry and ready for use. Not that they will need much care; there is small danger that Watts will ever be anything but dry."

"Tut, tut, man," laughed the clergyman. "Dry or not dry, he has done God's work in the past, and, with the aid of Heaven, he'll do it again to-night."

The rumble of artillery at this point warned the aide that the embarkation was actually beginning, and, hastily catching up the cartridges already made, he unbuttoned the flannel shirt he wore and stuffed them in. Throwing his cloak about him, he hurried out.

The ice had finally been removed, and a hay barge dragged up to the pier. Without delay two 12-pounders were rolled upon it, with their complement of men and horses, and, leaving further superintendence of the embarkation to Greene and Knox, Washington and his staff took their places between the guns. Two row galleys having been made fast to the front, the men in them bent to their oars, and the barge moved slowly from the shore, its start being the signal to all the other craft to put off.

The instant the shelter of the land was lost the struggle with the elements began. The wind, blowing savagely from the northeast, swept upon them, and, churning the river into foam, drove the bitterly cold spray against man and beast. Masses of ice, impelled by the current and blast, were only kept from colliding with the boat by the artillerymen, who, with the rammers and sponges of the guns, thrust them back, while the bowsmen in the tractive boats had much ado to keep a space clear for the oars to swing. To make the stress the greater, before a fifty yards had been compassed the air was filled with snow, sweeping now one way and now another, quite shutting out all sight of the shores, and making the rushing current of the black, sullen river the sole means by which direction could be judged.

"Damn this weather!" swore Brereton, as an especially biting sweep of wind and water made him crouch the lower behind his shivering horse.

"Nothing short of that would serve to put warmth into it," asserted Colonel Webb. "You're not like to obtain your wish, Jack, though thy cursing may put you where you'll long for a touch of it."

"Thou canst not fright me with threat of hell fire damnation on such a night as this, Sam," retorted Brereton.

"Gentlemen," interposed Washington dryly, "let me call your attention to the General Order of last August, relative to profane language."

"Can your Excellency suggest any more moderate terms to apply to such a night?" asked Brereton, with a laugh.

"Be thankful you've something between you and the river, my boy. Twenty-four years ago this very week I was returning from a mission to the Ohio, and to cross a river we made a raft of logs. The ice surged against us so violently that I set out my pole to prevent our being swept down the stream; but the rapidity of the current threw the raft with so much violence against the pole that it jerked me out into ten feet of water, and I was like to have drowned. This wind and sleet seem warm when I remember that, and had Gates and Cadwallader been there the storm and ice of to-night would not have seemed to them such obstacles. 'Twas my first public service," he added, after a slight pause. "Who knows that to-night may not be my last?"

" 'Tis ever a possibility," spoke up Baylor, "since your Excellency is so reckless in exposing yourself to the enemy's fire."

Washington shrugged his shoulders. "I am in more danger from the rear than from the enemy," he said equably.

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"Ay," agreed Jack, "but we fight both tonight. Give us victory at Trenton and we need not spend thought on Baltimore."

"Congress is too frightened itself—" began Webb, but a touch on his arm from the commander-in-chief checked the indiscreet speech.

Departure had been taken from the Pennsylvania shore before ten, but ice, wind and current made the crossing so laborious and slow that a landing of the first detachment was not effected till nearly twelve. Then the boats were sent back for their second load, the advance meanwhile huddling together wherever there was the slightest shelter from the blast and the hail that was now cutting mercilessly. Not till three o'clock did the second division land, and another hour was lost in the formation of the column. At last, however, the order to march could be given, and the twenty-four hundred weary, besoaked, and wellnigh frozen men set off through the blinding storm on the nine-mile march to Trenton.

At Yardley's Ferry the force divided, Sullivan's division keeping to the river turnpike, intending to enter Trenton from the south, while the main division took the cross-road so as to come out to the north of the town, the plan being to place the enemy thus betwixt two fires.

Owing to the delay in crossing the river, it was broad daylight when the outskirts of the town were reached, but the falling snow somewhat veiled the advance, and here the column was halted temporarily to permit of a reconnoissance. While the troops stood at ease an aide from Sullivan's detachment reported that it had arrived on the other side of the village, and was ready for the attack, save that their cartridges were too damp to use.

"Very well, sir," ordered Washington. "Return and tell General Sullivan he must rely on the bayonet."

"Your Excellency," said Colonel Hand, stepping up, "my regiment is in the same plight, and our rifles carry no bayonets."

"We kin club both them and the Hessians all the same," spoke up a voice from the ranks.

"Here are some dry cartridges," broke in Brereton.

"Let your men draw their charges and reload, Colonel Hand," commanded Washington.

In a moment the order to advance was issued, and the column debouched upon the post-road leading toward Princeton. The first sign of life was a man in a front yard, engaged in cutting wood; the commander-in-chief, who was leading the advance, called to him:

"Which way is the Hessian picket?"

"Find out for yourself," retorted the chopper.

"Speak out, man," roared Webb hotly, "this is General Washington."

"God bless and prosper you, sir," shouted the man. "Follow me and I'll show you," he added, starting down the road at a run. As he came to the house, without a pause, he swung his axe and burst open the door with a single blow. "Come on!" he shrieked, and darted in, followed by some of the riflemen.

Leaving them to secure the picket, the regiments went forward, just as a desultory firing from the front showed that the alarm had been given by Sullivan's attack. The next moment a sight of the enemy was gained—a confused mass of men some three hundred yards away, but in front of them two guns were already being wheeled into position by artillerists, with the obvious purpose of checking the advance till the regiments had time to form.

"Capture the battery," came the stern voice of the commander.

"Forward, double quick!" shouted Colonel Hand.

Brereton, putting spurs to his horse, joined in the rush of men as the regiment broke into a run. "Look out, Hand!" he yelled. "They'll be ready to fire before we can get there, and in this narrow road, we'll be cut to pieces. Give them a dose of Watts."

"Halt!" roared Hand, and then in quick succession came the orders, "Deploy! Poise firelocks! Cock! Take aim! Fire!"

"Hurrah for the Psalms!" cheered Brereton, as a number of the gunners and matross men fell, and the remainder, deserting the cannon, fell back on the infantry. "Come on!" he roared, as Captain Washington's Light Horse, taking advantage of the open order, raced the riflemen to the guns. Barely were they reached, when a mounted officer rode up to the Hessian regiments and cried: "Forward, march!" waving his sword toward the cannon.

"We can't hold the guns against them!" yelled Brereton. "Over with them, men!"

In an instant the soldiers with rifles and the cavalry with the rammers that had been dropped were clustered about the cannon, some prying, some lifting, some pulling, and before the foe could reach them the two pieces of artillery were tipped over and rolled into the side ditches, the Americans scattering the moment the guns were made useless to the British.

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This gave the Continental infantry in the rear their opportunity, and they poured in a scathing volley, quickly followed by the roar of Colonel Forrest's battery, which unlimbered and opened fire. A wild confusion followed, the enemy advancing, until the American regiments charged them in face of their volleys. Upon this they broke, and falling back in disorder, endeavoured to escape to the east road through an orchard. Checking the charge, Washington threw Stevens's brigade and Hand's riflemen, now re-formed, out through the fields, heading them off. Flight in this direction made impossible, the enemy retreated toward the town, but the column under Sullivan now blocked this outlet. Forrest's field-pieces were pushed forward, Washington riding with them, utterly unheeding of both the enemy's fire, though the bullets were burying themselves in the snow all about him, and of the expostulations of his staff. Indicating the new position for the guns, he ordered them loaded with canister.

Colonel Forrest himself stooped to sight one of the 12-pounders, then cried: "Sir, they have struck."

"Struck!" exclaimed Washington.

"Yes," averred Forrest exultingly. "Their colours are down, and they have grounded their arms."

Washington cantered toward the enemy.

"Your Excellency," shouted Baylor, who with the infantry had been well forward, "the Hessians have surrendered. Here is Colonel Rahl."

Washington rode to where, supported by two sergeants, the officer stood, his brilliant uniform already darkened by the blood flowing from two wounds, and took from his hand the sword the Hessian commander, with bowed head, due to both shame and faintness, held out to him.

"Let his wounds receive instant attention," the general ordered. Wheeling his horse, he looked at the three regiments of Hessians. " 'Tis a glorious day for our country, Baylor!" he said, the personal triumph already forgotten in the greater one.

XXVI.

HOLIDAY WEEK AT TRENTON.

The Christmas revel of the Hessians had held far into morning hours, and though the ladies so prudently retired, it was not to sleep, as it proved, for the uproar put that out of the question. At last, however, the merry-making ceased by degrees, man after man staggering off to his quarters, or, succumbing to drink, merely took a horizontal position in the room of the festivity, and quiet, quickly succeeded by slumber, descended upon the household.

To the women it seemed as if the turmoil had but just ended, ere it began anew. The first alarm was a thundering on the front door, so violent that the intent seemed to be to break it down rather than to gain admission from the inside. Then came a rush of heavy boots pounding upstairs, followed by a renewal of the ponderous blows on every door, accompanied now by the stentorian shouting of hasty sentences in German.

As if the din were not sufficient, Miss Drinker, in her fright at the assault directed against the door to which she had pinned her own reliance of safety, promptly gave vent to a series of shrieks, intermixed, when breath failed, with gasping predictions to the girls as to the fate that awaited them—scaring the maidens most direfully. Their terror was not lessened by the growing volume of shouts outside the house, and by the rub-a-dub-dub of the drums, and the tantara of the bugles, as the "To arms" was sounded along the village street. Barely had they heard Rahl and the other officers go plunging downstairs, when the scattering crack of muskets began to be heard, swelling quickly into volleys and then into the unmistakable platoon firing, which bespoke an attack in force. Finally, and as a last touch to their alarm, came the roar of artillery, as Forrest's and Knox's batteries opened fire.

The whole conflict took not over thirty-five minutes, but to the three bedfellows it seemed to last four hours. The silence that then fell so suddenly proved even more awful, however, and became quickly so insupportable that Janice was for getting out of bed to learn its cause, a project that Miss Drinker prohibited. "I know not what is transpiring," she avowed, "but whatever the disturbance, our danger is yet to come."

The event verified her opinion, for presently heavy and hurried footsteps of many men sounded below stairs, terminating the brief silence. With little delay the tramp of boots came upstairs, and a loud rap on the door drew a stifled cry from the spinster as she buried her head under the bedclothes, and made the two girls clutch each other with fright.

"Open!" called a commanding voice. "Open, I say," it repeated, as no answer came. "Batter it in then!" and at the order the stocks

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of two muskets shattered the door panels; the bureau was tipped over on its face with a crash, and Brereton, sword in hand, jumped through the breach.

It was an apparently empty room into which the aide entered, but a mound under the bedclothes told a different tale.

"Here are other Hessian pigs who've drunk more than they've bled," he sneered, as he tossed back the counterpane and blankets with his sword point, thus uncovering three becapped heads, from each of which issued a scream, while three pairs of hands wildly clutched the covering.

The nightcaps so effectually disguised the faces that not a one did the officer recognise in his first hasty glance.

"Ho!" he jeered. "Small wonder the fellow lay abed. Come, up with you, my Don Juan," he added, prodding Miss Drinker through the bedclothes with his sword. "'Tis no time for bearded men to lie abed."

"Help, help!" shrieked Janice, and "'Tis my aunt!" cried Tabitha, in unison, but the spinster's fear was quite forgot in the insulting allusion to the somewhat noticeable hirsute adornment on her face; sitting up in bed, she pointed at the door, and sternly ordered, "Cease from insulting gentlewomen, brute, and leave this chamber!"

"Zounds!" burst out Jack in his amazement; then he turned and roared to the gaping and snickering soldiers, "Get out of here, every doodle of you, and be—to you!" Keeping his back to the bed, he said, "I pray your pardon, ma'am, for disturbing you; our spies assured us that only Hessian officers slept here."

"Go!" commanded the offended and unrelenting old maid.

The officer took a step toward the door, halted, and remarked savagely, "Our positions are somewhat reversed, Miss Meredith. 'Tis poetic justice, indeed, which threatens you a taste of the captivity you schemed in my behalf; 'he cries best who cries last.'"

"I had nought to do with thy captivation!" protested Janice indignantly, "though you would not believe me; and but for me you'd still be a prisoner."

"A well-dressed-up tale, but told too late to gain credence," sneered the officer. "You made a cully of me once. I defy you to repeat it."

"A man who thinks such vile thoughts is welcome to them," retorted the girl proudly.

"Dost intend to put a finish to thy intrusion upon the privacy of females?" objurgated Miss Drinker, and at the question Brereton flung out of the room without more words.

The ladies made a hasty toilet, and descended to the kitchen, to find the maids deep in the preparation of breakfast, while standing near the fire was a coloured man in a brown livery, who ducked low to Janice as he grinned a recognition.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, and then, "How's Blueskin?"

"Lor' bless de chile, she doan forget ole Willium, nor dat horse," chuckled the darkey. "Dat steed, miss, hardly git a good feed now once a week, but he knows dat he carries his Excellency, an' dat de army's watchin' him, an' he make believe he chock full of oats all de time. He jus' went offen his head when Kurnel Forrest's guns wuz a-bustin' de Hessians all to pieces dis mornin', an' de way he dun arch his neck an' swish his tail when Gin'l Howe give up his sword made de enemy stare."

"You'll purvey my compliments to his Highness, Mr. Lee," requested the cook, "an' 'spress to him de mortification we 'speriences at being necessitated to tender him his tea outen de elegantest of best Japan. 'Splain to him dat we'se a real quality family, an' regularly accustomed to de finest of plate, till de Hessians depredated it."

"Is this for General Washington?" questioned Janice, with sudden interest in the tray upon which the cook had placed a china tea-service, some hot corn bread, and a rasher of bacon.

"Yes, miss," explained William. "His Excellency's in de parlour, a-lookin' over de papers of de dead gin'l, an' he say see if I kiant git him some breakfast."

"Oh," begged the girl eagerly, "mayn't I take it to him?"

"Dat you may, honey," acceded the black, yielding to the spell of the lass. "Massa allus radder see a pooty face den black ole Billy's. Jus' you run along with it, chile, an' s'prise him."

Catching up the waiter, the maid carried it to the parlour, which she entered after knocking, in response to Washington's behest. The general looked up from the paper he was conning and instantly smiled a recognition to the girl.

"You are not rid of us yet, you see, Miss Janice," he said.

"Nor wish to be, your Excellency," vouched the girl, as she set the tray on the table.

"I remember thy wish for our cause when last we met," went on the commander, "and

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who knows but it has served us in good stead this very morning? I had the vanity that day to think thy interest was for the general, but now I have unravelled it to its true source."

"Indeed," protested Janice, sorely puzzled by his words, "it was only thy—"

"Nay, nay, my dear," chided Washington, smiling pleasantly. "'Tis nothing to be ashamed of, and I ought to have suspected that thy interest was due to some newer and brighter blade than an old one like myself. He is a lucky fellow to have won so charming a maid, and one brave enough to take such risk for him."

"La, your Excellency," stammered the girl, completely mystified, "I know not what you mean!"

Still smiling, Washington set down the tea he was now drinking and selected a paper from a pile on the table. "I have just been perusing Colonel Harcourt's report to General Grant, in reference to the traitorous conduct of one Janice Meredith, spinster, and it has informed me of much that Colonel Brereton chose to withhold, though he pretended to make me a full narration. The sly beau said 'twas the *cook* cut him loose, Miss Janice."

"Oh, prithee, General Washington," beseeched a very blushing young lady, "wilt please favour me by letting Colonel Brereton —who is less than nothing to me—read the report?"

"You take strange ways to prove thy lack of interest," rejoined the general, his eyes merry at the seeming contradiction.

"'Tis indeed not as thou surmisest," protested Janice, redder than ever; "but Colonel Brereton thought I was concerned in his captivation, and would not believe a message I sent to him, and but just since he has cruelly insulted me, and so I want him to learn how shamefully he has misjudged me, so that he shall feel properly mean and low."

"That he shall," Washington assented, "and every man should be made to feel the same who lacks faith in your face, Miss Janice. The rascal distinguished himself in this morning's affair, so I let him bear my despatches and the Hessian standard to Congress; however, as soon as he returns he shall smart for his sins, be assured. But, my dear," and here the eyes of the speaker twinkled, "when due punishment has been meted out, remember that forgiveness is one of your sex's greatest excellencies." Washington took the hand of the girl and bent over it. "Now leave me, for we have much to attend to before we can set to getting our prisoners across the river, out of reach of their friends."

Twenty-four hours later the village which had been so overburdened with soldiers was stripped as clear of them as if there were not one in the land. It took a day to get the thousand prisoners safely beyond the Delaware, and three more were spent in giving the Continentals a much-needed rest from the terrible exposure and fatigue they had undergone; but this done, Washington once more crossed the river and reoccupied Trenton, induced to take the risk by the word brought to him that the militia of New Jersey, driven to desperation by the British occupation, and heartened by the success of Trenton, were ready to rise if they had but a fighting point about which to rally.

The expectation proved erroneous, for the presence of the little force at Trenton was more than offset by the prompt mobilisation of all the British troops in the State at Princeton, and the hurrying of Cornwallis, with reinforcements, from New York, to resume the command. As Washington's army mustered less than five thousand, one-third of whom were raw Pennsylvania militia, while that of the British general when concentrated exceeded eight thousand, the prudent elected to stay safely within doors and await the result of the coming conflict before deciding whether they should forget their recently signed oaths of allegiance and cast in their lot with the Continental cause.

Yet another difficulty, too, beset the commander-in-chief. The terms of the New England regiments expired on the last day of the year, and though the approach of the enemy made a speedy action certain, the men refused to re-enlist, or even to serve for a fortnight longer. Such was the desperate plight of the general that he finally offered them a bounty if they would but remain for six weeks, and, after much persuasion, more than half of them consented to stay the brief time. The army chest being wholly without funds, Washington pledged his personal fortune to the payment of the bounty, though in private he spoke scornfully of the regiments' "noble example" and "extraordinary attachment to their country," the fighting spirit too strong within him to enable him to understand desertion of the cause at such an hour.

Cornwallis lost not a moment, once his troops were gathered, in seeking vengeance for Trenton; and on January 2 spies brought

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word to Washington that the British were approaching in force by the Princeton post-road. A detachment was at once thrown forward to meet their advance, and for several hours every inch of ground was hotly contested. Then, the main body of the enemy having come up, the Americans fell back on their reserves, and the whole Continental army retreated through the village and across the bridge over Assanpink Creek, a tributary stream emptying into the Delaware just east of Trenton. Here the troops were ranged along the steep banks to renew the contest, the batteries being massed at the bridge and at the two fords. But it was now dark, and Cornwallis's troops having marched fifteen miles, the commander postponed the attack till the morrow, and the two armies bivouacked for the night on opposite sides of the brook, within a hundred and fifty yards of each other.

"My lord," protested Sir William Erskine, when the order to encamp was given, "may not the enemy escape under cover of the night?"

"Where to?" demanded Cornwallis. "This time there will be no crossing of the Delaware, for we are too close on their heels; and if they retreat down the river, we can fight them when we please. A little success has undone Mr. Washington, and the fox is at last run to cover."

While at supper, the British commander was informed by an orderly that two civilians desired word with him, and without leaving the table he granted an audience.

"A petticoat, eh?" he muttered, as a man and woman entered the room, and then as the lady pushed back her calash, he ordered: "A chair for Miss Meredith, sergeant." The girl seated, he went on: "Sir William spoke of you to me just as I was leaving New York, and instructed me, if you are findable, to send you to New York. I' faith, the general had more to say of your coming than he had of my teaching Mr. Washington a lesson. He told me to put you under charge of Evatt without delay."

"But he was captivated," announced Mr. Drinker.

"So I learned at Princeton; therefore the matter must await my return."

"I have come with the young lady, my lord," spoke up Mr. Drinker, "to ask thy indulgence in behalf of herself and her father."

"Yes, Lord Cornwallis," said Janice, finding her tongue and eager to use it. "We came here to see General Grant, but he was away, and dadda had a slight attack of the gout, from a cold he took, and then he very rashly drank too much at Colonel Rahl's party, and that swelled his foot so that he's lain abed ever since, till to-day, when we thought to set out for Brunswick; but the snow having melted, our sleigh could not travel, and every one expecting a battle wanted to get out of town themselves, so we could get no carriage, nor even a cart." Here Miss Meredith paused for breath with which to go on.

"Friend Meredith," said Mr. Drinker, taking up the explanation, "though not able to set foot to the ground, conceives that he can travel on horseback by easy riding, and rather than risk remaining in a town that is like to be the scene of to-morrow's unrighteous slaughter, he hopes thee will grant him permission and a pass to return to Brunswick."

"There will be no fight in the town to-morrow," asserted Cornwallis, "but there may be some artillery firing before we can carry their position, so 'tis no place for non-combatants, much less women. You can't do better than get back to Greenwood, where later I'll arrange to fulfil Sir William's orders. Make out a pass for two, Erskine. When do you wish to start, Miss Meredith?"

"Dadda said we'd get away before daylight, so as to be well out of town before the battle began."

"Wisely thought. The second brigade lies at Maidenhead and the fourth at Princeton, and as both have orders to join me, you'll meet them on the road. This paper, however, will make all easy."

"Thank you," said the girl gratefully, as she took the pass.

"Didst see Mr. Washington when he was in town?" inquired the earl of Mr. Drinker.

"Not I," replied the Quaker, "but friend Janice had word with him."

"You seem to play your cards to stand well with both commanders, Miss Meredith," intimated the officer, a little ironically. "Did the rebel general seem triumphant over his easy victory?"

"He said nought about it to me," answered Janice.

"Within a few hours he'll learn the difference between British regulars and half-drunk Hessians." Cornwallis glanced out of the window to where, a quarter of a mile away, could be seen the camp-fires of the Continental force burning brightly. "He'd best have done his bragging while he could."

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE "STOLE AWAY."

It was barely four o'clock the following morning, when, after a breakfast by candlelight, the squire and Janice, the former only with much assistance and many groans, mounted Joggles and Brereton's mare. Mr. Drinker rode with them through the village, on his way to join the Misses Drinker, who, two days before, on the first warning of a conflict, had been sent away to a friend's, as would Janice have been also, had she not insisted on staying with her father. At the cross-roads, therefore, after a due examination of their passes by the picket, adieus were made, and the guests, with many thanks, turned north on the Princeton post-road, while the host trotted off on the Pennington turnpike.

It was still dark when, an hour later, the riders reached Maidenhead, to find the second brigade of the British clustered about their camp-fires; but in the moment's delay, while the officer of the day was scrutinising the safe-conduct, the drums beat the reveille, and the village street was alive with breakfast preparations as father and daughter were permitted to resume their journey. It was a clear, cold morning, and as the twilight slowly brightened into sunshine, the whole landscape glistened radiantly with a heavy hoar frost that for the moment gleamed and shimmered as if the face of the country had been rubbed with some phosphorescent substance, or as if the riders were viewing it through prism glasses.

"Oh, dadda, isn't it beautiful?" exclaimed Janice, delightedly, as they rode down the hill to the bridge over Stony Creek.

"What? Where?" demanded that worthy, looking about in all directions.

"The fields, and the trees, and—"

"Can't ye keep yer thoughts from gadding off on such nonsense, Jan?" cavilled her father, fretfully, his gouty foot putting him in anything but a sweet mood. "One would think ye had never seen pasture or woodland be—Ho!" he ejaculated, interrupting his reproof, "what's that sound?"

The words were but spoken when the front files of a regiment just topping the hill across the brook came in view, and descended the road at quick step to the bridge, their gay scarlet uniforms, flying colours and shining gun barrels adding still more to the brilliancy.

"Halt!" was the order to the troops as they came up to the riders, and the officer took the pass that the squire held out to him. "What hour left you Trenton?" he demanded.

"Four o'clock."

"And heard you any firing after leaving?" asked Colonel Mawhood, eagerly.

"Not a sound."

"I fear none the less that the fighting will be all over ere the Seventeenth can get there, much more the Fortieth and Fifty-fifth," he grumbled, as he returned the paper. "Attention! Sections, break off! Forward—march!"

The order, narrowing the column, allowed the squire and Janice to ride on and cross the bridge. On the other side of the stream a by-road joined the turnpike, and as Janice glanced along it, she gave a cry of surprise. "Look, dadda," she prompted, "there are more troops!"

"Ay," acceded Mr. Meredith, "'tis the rest of the brigade just coming in view."

"But that leads not from Princeton," observed Janice. "'Tis the roundabout way to Trenton that joins the river road on the other side of Assanpink Creek. And, oh, dadda, look at the uniforms! Is't not the hunting shirt of the Continental riflemen?"

"Gadsbodikins, if the lass is not right!" grunted the squire, when he had got on his glasses. "What the deuce do they here?"

An equal curiosity apparently took possession of the British colonel, for when the Seventeenth had breasted the hill to a point where the American advance could be seen, the regiment was hastily halted, and in another moment, reversing direction, returned on its route at double quick, its commander supposing the force in sight a mere detachment which he could capture, or cut to pieces, and little recking that Washington's whole army, save for a guard to keep their camp-fires burning, had stolen away in the night from the superior force of British at Trenton, with the object of attacking the fourth brigade at Princeton.

"By heavens!" snorted the squire in alarm. "Quicken thy pace, Jan. We are out of the frying-pan and into the fire with a vengeance." Then as the horses were put to a trot, he howled with the pain the motion caused his swathed foot. "Spur on to Princeton, Jan. The pace is more than I can bear, and I'll turn off into this orchard for safety," he moaned, as he indicated a slope to the right of the road.

"I'll not leave thee, dadda," protested the girl, as she guided the mare over the let-down bars of the fence, through which her father put Joggles, and in a moment both horses were climbing the declivity under the bare apple trees.

The squire's knowledge of warfare was never likely to win him honour, for with vast

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circumspection he had selected the strongest strategic position of the region, and though his back to the British and the rising land in his front prevented him from realising it, both commanders, with the quick decision of trained officers, put their forces to a run, in the endeavour to occupy the hill. The Continental riflemen, having the advantage of light accoutrements and little baggage, were successful, and just as the two riders reached the crest, it was covered by green and brown-shirted men.

"Get to the rear!" stormed an officer at the pair, while, without stopping to form, the men poured in a volley at the charging British, who, halting, returned the fire, the bullets hurtling and whistling about the non-combatants in a way that made the squire forget the agonies of his gout in the danger of his position.

Ere the riflemen could reload, the Seventeenth, with fixed bayonets, were upon them, and the two American regiments, having no defensive weapon, broke and fled in every direction. A mounted officer rode forward and attempted to stay the flight of the riflemen, then fell wounded from his horse. As he came to the ground, Janice and her father found themselves once more on the other side of the conflict, as the charging British swept by them; and the girl screamed as she saw two of the soldiers rush to where the wounded man lay and repeatedly thrust their bayonets into him, though she was ignorant that it was Washington's old companion in arms, General Mercer.

As the riflemen fell back down the hill, Washington in person headed two regiments of Pennsylvania militia, supported by a couple of pieces of artillery from the right flank to cover the fugitives. Although conscious by now that he had no mere detachment to fight, Colonel Mawhood, with admirable coolness, ordered the recall sounded, and reforming his regiment, led a charge against the new foe. Seeing the Seventeenth advancing at double quick, in the face of the guns, so fearlessly and steadily, the militia wavered, and were on the point of deserting the battery, when Washington spurred forward, thus placing himself between the two lines of soldiers. His splendid and reckless courage steadied the raw militia; they gave a cheer and levelled their muskets just as the Seventeenth halted and did the same. Within thirty yards of the enemy, and well in advance of his own men, Washington stood exposed to both volleys as the two lines fired, and for a moment he was lost to view in the smoke which, blown about him, united in one dense cloud. Slowly the mass lifted, revealing both general and horse unhurt, and at the sight the Pennsylvania regiments cheered once more.

The time lost by the British in halting and firing proved fatal to the capture of the guns. Hand's riflemen, advancing, threw in a deadly, scattering fire of trained sharpshooters, while two regiments under Hitchcock came forward at a run. One moment the Seventeenth held its ground, then broke and fled toward the road, leaving behind them two brass cannon. For four miles the fugitives were pursued, and many prisoners were taken.

Musketry on the right showed the day not yet won, however, the Fifty-fifth having pressed forward upon hearing the fusilade, and but for the check it met from a New England brigade would have come to the aid of its friends. The flight of the Seventeenth enabled Washington to mass his force against the new arrival; and it was driven in upon the Fortieth, and then both fell back into the town, taking possession of the college building, with the evident hope of finding in its walls protection sufficient to make a successful stand. But when the Continental artillery was brought up and wheeled into position, at the first shot the British abandoned the stronghold and fled in disorder along the road leading to Brunswick, hotly pursued by a force which Washington joined.

"It's a fine fox chase, my boys!" he shouted to the men, in the excitement of the moment.

Brereton, who was riding within hearing, called something to a bugler; and the man, halting in the race, put his trumpet to his lips and blew a fanfare.

"There are others can sound the 'Stole Away,' your Excellency," shouted Jack, triumphantly. "That insult is paid in kind."

The Continental soldiers were too exhausted by their long night march and their morning fight to follow the fugitives far, the more that the English, by throwing away their guns, knapsacks, and other accoutrements, and by being far less fatigued, were easily able to outstrip their pursuers. Perceiving this, the general ordered the bugles to sound the recall, and the men fell back on Princeton village.

"With five hundred fresh troops, or a proper force of light horse, we could have captured every man of them," groaned Brereton, "and probably have seized Brunswick, with all its stores."

Washington nodded his head in assent. "'Tis idle to repine," he said calmly, "because the

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measure of our success might have been greater. The troops have marched well and fought well."

"What is more," declared Webb, "a twelve hours ago, the enemy thought us in a cul-de-sac. We have not merely escaped, but turned our flight into a conquest. How they will grit their teeth when they find themselves outgeneralled!"

"Less a couple of hundred prisoners to boot," chimed in Brereton, pointing at the village green, where the captives were being collected.

"Your Excellency," reported General Greene, as Washington came up to the college building, "we have found a store of shoes and blankets in the college, and all of the papers of Lord Cornwallis and General Grant."

"Look to them, Brereton, and report to me at once if there is anything needing instant attention," directed Washington.

Jack, tossing his reins to a soldier, followed Greene into Nassau Hall, and was quickly running over the bundles of papers which the British, with more prudence than prescience, had for safety left behind. Presently he came upon a great package of signed oaths of allegiance, which he was shoving to one side as of no immediate importance, when the name signed at the bottom of the uppermost one caught his eye.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" he laughed, taking up the paper. "Is this thy much-vaunted love of freedom?" Glancing at the second, he added, "And Esquire Hennion! Well, they deserve it not; but I'll do the pair a harmless service all the same, merely for old-time days," he muttered, as he folded up the two broadsides and stuffed them into his pocket.

While the aide was thus engaged, Washington rode over to inspect the prisoners. Here it was to discover the squire and Janice, the former having been made a prize of by a more zealous than sagacious militiaman. Giving directions to march the prisoners at once under guard to Morristown, the commander turned to the girl.

"Thou'rt not content to give us thy good wishes, Miss Janice," he said, motioning to the guard to let the two go free, "but add the aid of thy presence as well."

"And were within an ace of getting shot thereby," complained the squire, still not entirely over his fright. "Egad, general, we were right atween the shooting at one minute, and heard the bullets shrieking all about us."

"But so was his Excellency, dadda," protested Janice. "Oh, General Washington," she added, "when you rode up so close to the British, and I saw them level their guns, I was like to have fell off my horse with fear for you."

"Ay," remarked the squire, for once unprecedentedly diplomatic. "The lass stood her own peril as steadily as ever I did, but she turned white as a feather when the infantry fired at you, and, woman-like, burst into tears the moment the smoke had lifted enough to show you still unhurt."

"And now has tears in her eyes because I was not shot, I suppose," Washington responded, with a smiling glance at the maiden.

"No, your Excellency," denied the girl, in turn smiling through the tears. "But dadda is quite wrong—'twas not anxiety for you that made me weep, but fear that they might have killed Blueskin!"

Washington laughed at the girl's quip. "It seems my vanity is so great that I am doomed ever to mistake the source of thy interest. Come," he added, "the last time we met, I was beholden to you for a breakfast. Let me repay the kindness by giving you a meal. One of my family reports that the lunch of the officers' mess of the 40th was just on the table at the provost's house when our movements gave them other occupation. 'Tis fair plunder, and I bid you to share in it."

During the repast the father and daughter told how they had come to be mixed in the conflict, and the squire grumbled over the prospect before him.

"I've no place to go but to Greenwood, and now they threat to take my lass to New York over this harebrained scrape she's got us all into."

"'Twould be gross ingratitude," asserted Washington, "if we let Miss Meredith suffer for her service to us, and 'tis a simple matter to save her. Get me pen, ink and a blank parole, Baylor."

The paper brought, Washington filled in a few words in his flowing script, and then placed it before the girl. "Sign here," he told her, and when it was done he took back the document. "You are now a prisoner of war, released on parole, Miss Janice," he explained, "and pledge not to go more than ten miles from Greenwood without first applying to me for permission. Furthermore, upon due notice, you are again to render yourself my captive."

Janice, with a shy glance, which had yet the touch of impertinence that was ingrain in her, replied, "I was that the first time I met your Excellency, and have been so ever since."

An end was put to the almost finished meal

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at this point by the clatter of hoofs, followed by the hurried entrance of Brereton. "General St. Clair sends word, sir, that a column of British is advanced as far as Stony Brook, and is—" Then the aide caught sight of Janice, and stopped speaking in his surprise.

"Go on, sir!" ordered Washington, sternly.

"And is driving in our skirmishers. He has report that 'tis the first of the whole English army, which is pressing on by forced marches."

"'Tis time, then, that we were on the wing," asserted the general, rising. "Return and tell General St. Clair to hold the enemy in check as long as he can. You, Baylor, direct Colonel Forrest to plant his guns on the green, to cover the rearguard. General Greene, let the army file off on the road to Somerset Court House."

The orders given, he turned to make his farewell to Janice. "This time Lord Cornwallis did not cheat us of our meal, though he prevents our lingering long at table. You should know best, sir," he said to the esquire, "what course to pursue, but I advise you to start for Greenwood without delay, for there will be some skirmishing through the town, and the British commander is not likely to be in the best of moods."

"We'll be off at once," assented Mr. Meredith.

"Then Miss Janice will allow me the office of mounting her," solicited the general, as they all went to the door. "Is not that Colonel Brereton's mare?" he continued, as the orderly brought up the horses.

"Yes, your Excellency," stammered Janice. "'Twas by a strange chance—"

"No doubt, no doubt—" interrupted Washington, smiling.

"Belikes he wants him back," intimated the squire, glancing anxiously at the aide, who stood, with folded arms, watching the scene.

"I think he'll not grudge the loan, in consideration of the rider," insinuated Washington. "The more that Congress has just voted him a sword and horse for his conduct at Trenton. How is it, Brereton?"

With a shrug of the shoulders Jack muttered: "Tis no time to demand her back, got though she was by a trick," and walked away.

"You have not shown him the paper?" questioned Janice, as she settled herself in the saddle.

"No, my child," replied Washington. "He returned from Baltimore only last evening, and there has been no time since. But rest easy, he shall see it. Keep good wishes for us, and fare thee well."

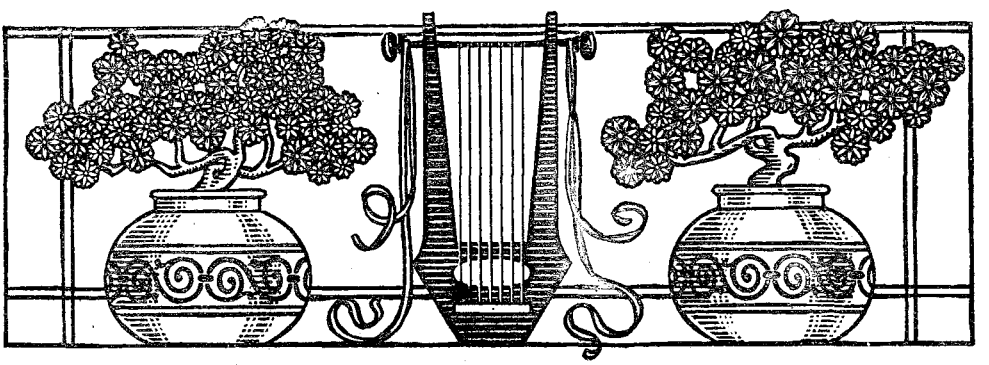
Two hours later the British marched into Princeton. But the Continental forces had made good their retreat, and all that was left to their pursuers was to march on wearily to Brunswick to save the broken regiments and the magazines that had been lost in spite of them, had Washington possessed but a few fresh troops. The English general had been outmanœuvred, his best brigade cut to pieces, and the army he had thought to annihilate was safe among the hills of New Jersey.

"Confound the fox!" Cornwallis stormed. "Can I never come up with him?"

"He's got safe off twice, my lord; the third time is proverbial, and the odds must turn," urged Erskine.

"Pray Heaven that some day we may catch him in a cul-de-sac from which there can be no retreat."

(To be continued.)



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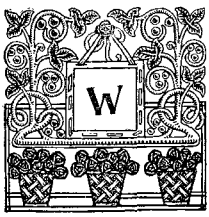
THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS

I. ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



WHILE still a boy Robert Browning is said to have copied out carefully for publication a series of his juvenile verses. To this collection he gave the title of *Incondita*. His parents were anxious to have the verses appear in book form, but no publisher could be inveigled into undertaking what would have been a hopeless business venture. Before the young author had arrived at an age to lose pride in his verses and to destroy the manuscript, his mother had shown it to one of her friends, Miss Flower, who liked the verses so much that she made a copy of them. This copy was in existence as late as 1871. About this date, or later, Browning is said to have secured it from the descendants of Miss Flower and destroyed it. It has been suggested that this Miss Flower, though she was Browning's senior by nine years, was the inspiration of *Pauline*, his first book, but Browning himself declared that the poem was wholly imaginary. Miss Flower showed her copy of *Incondita* to the Rev. W. J. Fox, a Unitarian clergyman, who saw promise in the work, and told the young poet so. This same Mr. Fox was, some years later, one of the first to commend *Pauline*.

Browning always had a horror of seeing his juvenile work in print, and he seems to have destroyed most, if not all, of those manuscripts. That this was the case, even as early as 1843, is evidenced by the following letter, written to Thomas Powell by his father. If the writer really enclosed specimens, they are not now known to exist.

> I hope the enclosed may be acceptable as curiosities. They were written by Robert when quite a child. I once had nearly a hundred of them. But he has destroyed all that ever came in his way, having a great aversion to the practice of many biographers in recording every trifling incident that falls in their way. He has not the slightest suspicion that any of his very juvenile performances are in existence. I have several of the originals by me. They are all contemporaneous productions, nor has any one a single alteration. . . . Pardon my troubling you with these specimens, and requesting you never to mention it, as Robert would be very much hurt.

That Powell did not keep quiet about this or similar matters is proved by another letter, written by Browning in 1886 to John Ingram, who had solicited his assistance in the preparation of his contemplated biography of Mrs. Browning for the Famous Women Series. In this letter he calls Powell a "consummate rascal," and further on in the same letter he says:

> Last year I greatly enjoyed a three or four days' long conflagration of my own innumerable letters, all preserved by my family from my boyhood up—I really believe not one was missing. "None of your Powell's inspecting my bowels!"

We have looked up Thomas Powell's book on *The Living Authors of England*, and after reading what he has to say about Browning we cannot much blame the poet for being offended. We quote the following from the first page of his essay on Browning:

> His family abound with little anecdotes of the poet's precocity, and we were told by his mother that at four years old, when compelled by her to take some medicine, he said, with much heroic gravity,
>
> "Good people, if you wish to see
> A boy take physic, look at me."

Robert Browning's first book, *Pauline*, the title-page of which we reproduce, was written during the autumn of 1832, when its author was between twenty and twenty-one years of age. An aunt, Mrs. Silverthorn, supplied the funds for its publication (the poet in after years said that this amount was about thirty pounds), and the book was brought out early in 1833 by Messrs. Saunders and Ottley. It was a thin octavo of seventy-one pages,

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and was issued in grey boards. It is dated at the end, "Richmond, October 22, 1832," apparently the date when the poem was finished; and "London, January, 1833," appears at the end of the quotation from Cornelius Agrippa, which precedes the poem.

When the book was about ready Mr. Browning wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Fox, who, as we have already stated, had praised his earlier verses. The acquaintance does not seem to have been continued from that first meeting, but afterward they became fast friends.

Perhaps by the aid of the subjoined initials [the poet signed his initials only to this letter] and a little reflection you may recollect an oddish sort of boy, who had the honour of being introduced to you at Hackney some years back—at that time a sayer of verse and a doer of it, and whose doings you had a little previously commended, after a fashion—(whether in earnest or not, God knows): that individual it is who takes the liberty of addressing one whose slight commendation then was more thought of than all the gun, drum and trumpet of praise would be now, and to submit to you a free-and-easy sort of thing which he wrote some months ago "on one leg," and which comes out this week—having either heard or dreamed that you contribute to the *Westminster*.

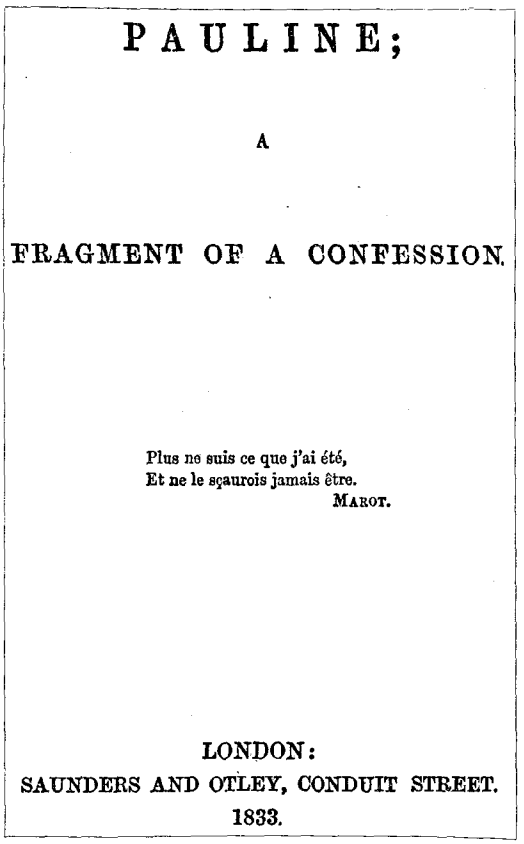
This was a request to be allowed to send a copy of the book when it was published. The request was granted, evidently with eagerness and many kind words, for another letter is extant which was sent with a copy of *Pauline*. It was reviewed very favourably in the April number of the *Monthly Repository*, of which Mr. Fox was at that time the editor, and later the author wrote to him: "I shall never write a line without thinking of the source of my first praise, be assured."

Anonymous verse does not attract much attention from the reviewers nowadays, and it was much the same then. Only three or four papers seem to have taken any notice of *Pauline*. Among these was the *Literary Gazette*, which, in the number for March 23, 1833, says of the volume:

Somewhat mystical, somewhat poetical, somewhat sensual, and not a little unintelligible—this is a dreamy volume, without an object, and unfit for publication.

On the fly-leaf of a copy of the first edition of *Pauline* the author, nearly six years after its appearance, wrote:

Written in pursuance of a foolish plan, I forget, or have no wish to remember; involving the assumption of several distinct characters: the world was never to guess that such an opera, such a comedy, such a speech, proceeded from the same notable person. . . . "Only this



PAULINE;

A

FRAGMENT OF A CONFESSION.

Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été,
Et ne le sçaurois jamais être.
MAROT.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1833.

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF ROBERT BROWNING'S FIRST BOOK.

crab" (I find set down in my copy) "remains of the shapely Tree of Life in my fools' Paradise." (I cannot muster resolution to deal with the printer's blunders after the American fashion, and bid people "for 'jocularity' read 'synthesis'" to the end of the chapter.) December 14, 1838.

It was in conformity with this plan apparently that *Pauline* was issued anony-

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mously and secrecy enjoined upon the few who knew of its authorship. The poet's son says that the "Richmond" at the end of the poem was probably added in order to increase the mystery of its authorship. The author never lived in Richmond.

We can find no evidence that Browning ever deliberately bought up copies of the book with the idea of suppressing it. The edition, no doubt small, was probably destroyed, either purposely by the publisher to gain the room, or accidentally by fire. At any rate, very few were sold. Two copies, however, found their way to the British Museum, where there is a resting place for the least as well as the most important of books, even for volumes of youthful anonymous verse. And there one day one of them was discovered by Dante Gabriel Rossetti while browsing among some forgotten volumes of poetry. Rossetti made a transcript of it, and from internal evidence ascribed its authorship to Browning. He wrote to the author, then in Italy, and of that letter Browning wrote shortly before his death:

> Rossetti's *Pauline* letter was addressed to me at Florence more than thirty years ago. I have preserved it, but even were I at home, should be unable to find it without troublesome searching. It was to the effect that the writer, personally and altogether unknown to me, had come upon a poem in the British Museum, which he copied the whole of, from its being not otherwise procurable—that he judged it to be mine, but could not be sure, and wished me to pronounce in the matter—which I did.

Pauline was not reprinted until 1868, when it was included by its author in a new edition of his works in six volumes. In publishing it here, Browning prefaced it with the statement that it was included "purely of necessity," and then goes on to say:

> Not long ago I inspected one, and am certified of the existence of other transcripts, intended sooner or later to be published abroad; by forestalling these I can at least correct some misprints (no syllable is changed) and introduce a boyish work by an exculpatory word.

Although the author says "no syllable is changed," nevertheless, a word-for-word comparison of the editions of 1833 and 1868 reveals some differences worth noting. Once he added a line and a half, thirteen words; and again he struck out three words, "Well I remember." Elsewhere there are such changes as "comes" to "coming," "hastening" to "hasting," and a few other similar changes of "syllables."

When preparations were begun for the new and final edition of 1888 it was evidently the author's intention to reprint the version of 1868

19, Warwick Crescent.
W.
Aug. 8. '86.

Dear Mr Wise,

I really have said my little say about the little book already elsewhere, and should only increase words without knowledge. An introductory sentence or two of your own will be better in every way.

There was a note of explanation in the copy I gave John Forster - which contained also a criticism by John Mill - it is not included in the catalogue of his books however, but may turn up, some day.

Believe me, Dear Mr Wise,
Yours very sincerely
Robert Browning.

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM ROBERT BROWNING TO MR. THOMAS J. WISE RELATIVE TO "PAULINE."

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without alteration, and the book was so put into type. While reading the proofs, however, the author decided to make some changes. The following is an extract from a letter to Mr. Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company, his publishers, on the subject:

On looking at that unlucky *Pauline,* which I have not touched for half a century, a sudden impulse came over me to take the opportunity of just correcting the most obvious faults of expression, versification and construction, letting the *thoughts,* such as they are, remain exactly as at first. I have only treated the imperfect expression of these, just as I have now and then done for an amateur friend, if he asked me and I liked him enough to do so. Not a line is misplaced, none added, none taken away.

When the book was published a new preface was added, containing the following apology:

Twenty years' endurance of an eyesore seems more than sufficient: my faults remain duly recorded against me, and I claim permission to somewhat diminish these, so far as style is concerned, in the present and final edition, where *Pauline* must needs, first of my performances, confront the reader. I have simply removed solecisms, mended the metre a little and endeavoured to strengthen the phraseology —experience helping in some degree the helplessness of juvenile haste and heat in their untried adventure long ago.

Of the eleven or twelve copies known to exist of the first edition of *Pauline,* three at least are in the United States, and all in private collections. Mr. Foote's copy, in the original boards, uncut, was sold in New York in January, 1895, for $210. Mr. Maxwell's copy, bound in brown levant morocco by Mercier, of Paris, brought $260 in Boston in April of the same year. This latter copy, now in the collection of Mr. A. J. Morgan, has the following inscription on the title-page:

By Robert Browning, his first publication, privately distributed. This copy was given me by his father, my eldest brother.

Reuben Browning.

The copy which Mr. Thomas J. Wise, in his bibliography, notes as belonging to Mr. Walter B. Slater, has since come to America, and is now in the collection of Mr. F. R. Halsey. It is in the original boards.

The copy containing the inscription by the author, dated 1838, which we quoted above, was sold at the Crampon sale in London, 1896, for £145 ($725). This copy was bound in green morocco. In a letter, of which we present a fac-simile, Browning speaks of a copy which he gave John Forster and which contained also a criticism in the autograph of John Stuart Mill. This copy is now in the South Kensington Museum, but through some oversight probably, as Browning observes, it was not included in the catalogue of books in the Forster collection. There are two copies in the British Museum and one in the Rylands Library in Manchester. The latter may be the Crampon copy. There are also copies in the private collections of Mr. Wise and of a Mrs. Campbell in London. Both of these are said to contain inscriptions in Browning's autograph. Browning himself seems to have possessed a copy, and this is probably still in the possession of his family. This makes eleven copies, which are all we can trace.

Mrs. Browning's first book, *The Battle of Marathon,* printed by her father in an edition of fifty copies when its author was only about thirteen years of age, is one of the rarest and one of the most interesting modern books from the point of view of the collector. She herself has said:

I wrote verses, as I dare say many have done who never wrote any poems, very early—at eight years old and earlier. . . . I could make you laugh by the narrative of nascent odes, epics and didactics, crying aloud on obsolete Muses from childish lips. The Greeks were my demi-gods, and haunted me out of Pope's Homer, until I dreamt more of Agamemnon than of "Moses," the black pony.

And *The Battle of Marathon* she described as

Pope's Homer done over again, or rather undone; for, although a curious production for a child, it gives evidence only of an imitative faculty and an ear and a good deal of reading in a peculiar direction.

The book as issued was a thin octavo of eighty-nine pages. It was dedicated to her father. The "epic" itself fills seventy-two pages, and is preceded by a preface of eleven pages, in which, after stating "That poetry is the first and most

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celebrated of all the fine arts has not been denied in any age, or by any philosopher," and calling upon Sallust, Sappho, Homer, Cicero, Pope, Byron and Scott to prove it, so to speak, the young poet goes on to say:

The Battle of Marathon is not, perhaps, a subject calculated to exercise the powers of the imagination, or of poetic fancy, the incidents

THE

BATTLE OF MARATHON.

A POEM.

———" Behold
What care employs me now, my vows I pay
To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth!"
AKENSIDE.

"Ancient of days! August Athena! Where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were.
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and past away." BYRON.

BY E. B. BARRETT.

London:

PRINTED FOR W. LINDSELL, 87, WIMPOLE-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

1820.

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S FIRST BOOK.

being so limited; but it is a subject ever formed to call forth the feelings of the heart, to awake the strongest passions of the soul. . . .

It may be objected to my little poem, that the mythology of the ancients is too much called upon to support the most considerable incidents; it may unhappily offend those feelings most predominant in the breast of a Christian, or it may be considered as injudicious in destroying the simplicity so necessary to the epic. . . .

Yet where is the poet more remarkable for simplicity than Homer, and where is the author who makes more frequent use of heathen mythology?

She admits that she has chosen Homer for an ideal; that her lines are modelled upon those of Pope, and then continues:

In my opinion, humble as it is, the custom of rhyming would ere now have been abolished among poets had not Pope, the disciple of the immortal Dryden, awakened the lyre to music, and proved that rhyme could equal blank verse in simplicity and gracefulness, and vie with it in elegance of composition and in sonorous melody.

The copy of the book from which our fac-simile has been made is a most interesting one, having the inscription here reproduced in holograph, on the back of the title in the author's autograph. The "Dear Trepsack" referred to in the inscription was the old family nurse, a Creole, known in the Barrett family as "Treppy." In one of the recently published "love letters" we find Miss Barrett writing to Robert Browning:

Miss Trepsack . . . learn that name by heart . . . whom we all of us have called "Treppy" ever since we could speak. Moreover, she has nursed . . . tossed up . . . held on her knee—Papa when he was an infant; the dearest friend of his mother and her equal, I believe, in age—so you may suppose that she is old now. Yet she can outwalk my sisters, and except for deafness, which, dear thing, she carefully explains as "a mere nervous affection," is as young as ever. But she calls us all "her children," . . . and I, you are to understand, am "her child," *par excellence*, . . . her acknowledged darling and favourite, perhaps because tenderly she thinks it right to carry on the love of her beloved friend, whom she lived with to the last.

And three days later she writes again:

I forgot to tell you that Treppy is a Creole—she would say so as if she said she was a Roman. She lived, as an adopted favourite, in the house of my great-grandfather in Jamaica for years, and talks, to the delight of my brothers, of that "dear man" who, with fifty thousand a year, wore patches at his knees and elbows, upon principle.

This copy of *The Battle of Marathon* is in old scored russia binding, with

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tooled borders—considered a fine piece of work, no doubt, in its day, but now gone to pieces. Of the six known copies of this first edition four are in private collections in New York City. We append a list.

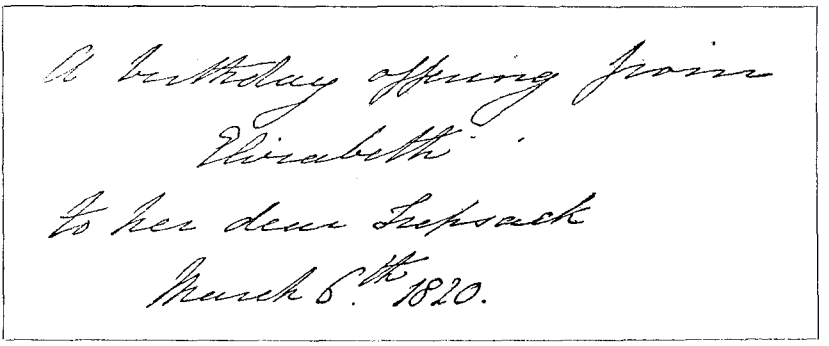
First. In the collection of Mr. W. A. White. This is the Foote copy, which sold at auction in New York in 1895 for $330. We know of no other record of sale of a copy at auction.

Second. In the collection of Mr. A. J. Morgan. This copy when originally discovered was bound with other pamphlets, and so had been preserved. It is now in a fine modern binding.

Third. In the collection of Mr. William Harris Arnold. This copy formerly belonged to Mrs. Browning's uncle, and contains his book-plate, which we are permitted to reproduce below.

Fourth. In the collection of Mr. F. R. Halsey. This is the copy which was given to Miss Trepsack by the author, and from which we reproduce the title-page and inscription. It has only recently been discovered.

The two other known copies, which are both in England, are—


A birthday offering from
Elizabeth.
To her dear Trepsack
March 6th 1820.

Fifth. In the Locker-Lampson collection. It contains an inscription in the author's autograph, which we copy from the catalogue of the library:

> Elizabeth trusts that dear Mrs. [James?] will, with her wonted kindness, accept this little offering. Hope End, 1820.

Sixth. In the collection of Mr. Thomas J. Wise. This copy is uncut and is the only uncut copy known. The Foote copy was described as such in the catalogue, but this was evidently an error.

Luther S. Livingston.

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LITERARY PARIS

THERE are now two vacant seats, instead of one, in the French Academy, owing to the death of Victor Cherbuliez. In the illustrious company Cherbuliez was known as one of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* members. There was every reason for it. I doubt whether he ever published in book form anything which had not originally appeared in the *Revue,* whether over his own signature or over his *pseudonyme* of G. Valbert. Cherbuliez was a novelist, Valbert was a writer on political subjects. Cherbuliez was very witty and entertaining, Valbert very well informed and instructive. Everybody knew, but no one could have suspected, that the two signatures were written by the same hand. Cherbuliez's best novels are *Le Comte Kostia, Meta Holdenis* and *Samuel Brohl et Cie.* Valbert's best books deal with political life in Spain and Germany. His last article appeared in the *Revue* only a few days before his death.

An interesting story is connected with Cherbuliez's election to the French Academy. When he thought of becoming a candidate he was not a French citizen. He was born in Geneva in 1828. He did not like to have to pass through the slow process of naturalisation. But he fortunately discovered the existence of a law which had been passed in 1790 and never repealed, and which gave to the descendants of the French Huguenots who had left France on the occasion of the repeal of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 the right of returning to French citizenship by a simple declaration. He made the declaration, announced himself a candidate and was elected.

Candidacies are already announced for the two vacant seats, and even the visits of candidates to members have already begun. Among the candidates at nearly every election now is found the name of Baron Joubert de Saint-Amand, the author of a number of books on royalties, especially on women of royal blood or station. He called not long ago on the Duke Albert de Broglie, and was met when leaving the house by a journalist who also called on the Duke, but not as a candidate. On allusion being made to the first caller, the Duke said: "Oh, yes! it was a candidacy call. This is one of the pleasures I owe to my membership in the French Academy. Each time we have an election I receive a call from Baron de Saint-Amand; and he is a charming man, a very pleasant conversationalist." "But, monsieur le duc, has he not written some books?" "Well," the Duke answered, "no man is absolutely perfect!" Of course there is no question of Zola's candidacy now, but he is almost sure of having one vote at the next, as he had at the last, election—namely, Paul Bourget's.

The *slate* just now, for the two vacancies, is Étienne Lamy, a former republican politician, now a neo-catholic contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* and Paul Hervieu, the dramatist. But it may be broken before election-day. One thing is sure—namely, that Coppée has entirely failed in his untimely efforts to create a movement in favour of the election of Paul Déroulède.

The present members are not inactive. Paul Thureau-Dangin, the author of a valued history of Louis Philippe, gives us the first volume of an important work on an interesting subject, *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au 19e Siècle.* The volume is almost entirely devoted to J. P. Newman. It may be noted here that Thureau-Dangin is himself what used to be called a Liberal Catholic.

Émile Ollivier gives us the fourth volume of his history of Napoleon III. He is getting very close to the perilous ground where his book has to become a defence of his own conduct from 1863 to 1870. Anatole France is at work on a

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fourth volume of his brilliant and celebrated Bergeret series, a sequel to *L'Anneau d'Améthyste,* and he promises us a new volume of tales of a rather tragic character, *Clio.*

Thureau-Dangin's book is not the only new publication dealing with foreign subjects. M. Edmond Barthélemy gives us the most complete study that has thus far been published in French on Thomas Carlyle; and at the same time, as his critical and biographical study, he publishes a translation of *Sartor Resartus.*

So much for England. The United States are represented among the new books by a volume of Paul de Rouziers, published for the *Musée Social.* Its very comprehensive title is *La Vie Américaine.* It is only one instalment of an exhaustive work, and deals with such subjects as ranches, farms and factories.

On other European countries we have a book of special interest to the American public, as it is the work of a new writer who is just about to undertake a lecturing tour in the United States, M. Jean Schopfer. He is an art critic, and the subject on which he now writes is *Un Voyage Idéal en Italie.*

On the Far East two interesting publications have just appeared—*Les Chinois chez Eux,* by M. E. Bard, and the first volume of Marcel Monnier's *Tour d'Asie,* originally published in the columns of *Le Temps.*

The consideration given to other countries has not kept the French writers from paying attention to their own. We have a number of books of interest to the student of French literature. First, the monograph on Flaubert in Jusserand's French Writers' Series. It is due to Émile Faguet, and is soon to be followed by the volume on Bossuet, written by Rébelliau. An exhaustive study on l'Abbé Prèvost, the celebrated author of *Manon Lescaut,* has been published by M. V. Schroeder. It is a doctor's thesis, an excellent piece of work, and is sure to supersede Henry Harrisse's volume on the same subject, which was published not very long ago.

Two other important books are due, one to a dead man, the other to a foreigner. The former is Guillaume Guizot, the son of the celebrated historian and statesman. He left an almost completed study on Montaigne, which is now published, with a preface by Émile Faguet. The foreigner is a Russian, M. Wladimir Karénine; he publishes the first two volumes of an important critical and biographical work on George Sand. Although dealing with the subject in all its bearings, M. Karénine, as might have been expected, gives special prominence to the influence of the greatest of female French novelists upon Russian writers. The two volumes are full of interesting information, as the author has had access to a number of important unpublished material, especially to the rich collection of autographs of Viscount Spoelberch de Lovenjoul.

The last weeks have been especially productive in what may be called Napoleonic literature. The most important contribution to be named in that category is the correspondence of Murat, which is published with a preface by Henri Houssaye. Another of Napoleon's lieutenants is presented to us in an excellent historical study, *Bernadotte Roi,* by M. Christian Scheffer. And finally we have a dramatic presentation of Bonaparte's seizure of the supreme power in *Brumaire, Scènes Historiques,* by E. Noël.

Two writers, Pierre Baudier and Raoul Cadières, the former of whom is a member of the new cabinet, which is trying to bring about a pacification of France, have undertaken a very interesting historical publication, the first volume of which has just appeared. The title of their work is *Les Grandes Journées Populaires.* They intend to give us a graphic view of the revolutions of 1789, 1830, 1848 and 1870.

War is the subject treated by Major Rousset, or, rather, by General Bonnal, whose notes he had in his possession, in *Les Maîtres de la Guerre.* The captains whose methods are therein studied all belong to the modern period of history; they are Frederick, Napoleon and Moltke.

Some of the most important problems of the future are treated in Jean Jaurès's *L'Action Socialiste.* The book is of great literary interest, as it contains several of Jaurès's most eloquent parliamentary speeches.

I also wish to mention a new work by Dr. Maurice de Fleury, *Le Corps et l'Ame de l'Enfant.* It bids fair to exert great influence on the bringing up of French children.

In fiction literature we have two interesting volumes of verse, one belonging to

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bookish, the other to popular, literature; the first one is Richepin's *La Bombarde,* a collection of "chansons" destined to be set to music; the other one is a very interesting collection by Frank Nohain, *Les Chansons des Trains et des Gares.*

From the novelists I shall mention two books as standing at the two opposite poles of human emotion. Lovers of the horrible will be amply repaid by a reading of Octave Mirbeau's *Le Jardin des Supplices,* while those who wish to hold their sides and not to shed tears had better take up Alphonse Allais's first novelistic venture, *L'Affaire Blaireau.*

Nothing from the theatres, of course, except projects for the coming year. Pierre Berton, one of the authors of *Zaza* and *Deux Gosses,* is to give a melodrama, of which he is to be the sole author, *Trottin,* and, at last, Sarah promises for December Rostand's *L'Aiglon! Cyrano* was first performed in December, 1897.

I owe an apology to the readers of THE BOOKMAN. A strange slip of the pen, in the July number, made me mention Félicien Rops as the publisher of Mallarmé's poems. I ought to have said the *illustrator;* the publisher is Edmond Deman.

Adolphe Cohn.

TO THE SINGER OF THE "HESPERIDES."

Herrick, hadst thou not sat at tavern board,
Charmed with the witty tilt of Gentle Will
(Who in his mirth did use but half his skill)
And Rare Ben's parry with his Roman sword,
London by thee had not been so adored
And longer Devon would have claimed thy quill;
Yet never then thy sweetness, quick to spill
In honey jets, had topped the brim and poured.

By nature genial, art hath made thee terse,
And both have made thy pictures wondrous fair.
The ring of wildwood music's in thy verse,
Sweet marjoram and mint are in the air;
For thee the honey-bees their hoard disburse,
The rosy milkmaid, laden, climbs the stair.

Charles Woodward Hutson.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

POEM OF THE CID. Text reprinted from the unique manuscript at Madrid by Archer M. Huntington, M.A. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $25.00. Edition limited to 100 copies.

The sumptuous manner in which Mr. Huntington regales the eye of the reader of Spain's earliest epic in this luxuriantly printed and vellum-bound tome is to be regarded as characteristic of that love of pure literature which may abound, it would appear, no less generously in a land of electrical locomotion and of stock-yards than in those more favoured regions which are perennially redolent of the sanctity of hand-illuminated codices transmitted down the ages. In sooth, whatever could be devised, by way of hand-laid paper, broad expanse of margin, Gothic black-letter, rubricated initials and artistic illustration, to set forth fittingly the beauties of Spain's glorious poem, has here been unstintingly expended. And it must be understood that all this wealth of typography and illustration has been lavished not upon an English translation, or even a Castilian modernisation of the mediæval Spanish text, but rather upon a reproduction of the archaic and—except to the laboriously initiated student—in large part unintelligible original.

In the introduction, of two pages in extent, the editor of the work thus indicates its purpose:

In the preparation of the present work the object has been to produce, as nearly as possible, a definitive edition, reserving all criticism and comment for a subsequent volume of notes and variants. Peculiar, doubtful or misplaced letters, unnaturally divided words, special marks of accent or abbreviation, when not introduced into the text, have also been placed in this subsequent volume under manuscript readings. . . . Line numeration has been introduced for convenience, and especial care has been given to the punctuation.

It is to this promised second volume that students of Old Spanish will look for whatever of new light the present editor may have to offer, inasmuch as the text contained in the volume before us, even to the minutest handling of the punctuation, is that of Von Möller's edition of 1879 (with the occasional omission of a conjecture). As far as the production of a "definitive" edition is concerned, it will be long before scholarship has expended its best efforts on the hopeless task. What scholars would be delighted above all things to possess would be a photographic fac-simile. Since Mr. Huntington was permitted by the Marquis de Pidal to consult the unique manuscript, it is safe to infer that he would have given us such fac-simile in connection with his beautiful black-letter reproduction, had the privilege to do so been accorded him.

Henry Alfred Todd.

WORDSWORTH AND THE COLERIDGES. WITH OTHER MEMOIRS, LITERARY AND POLITICAL. By Ellis Yarnall. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Americans ever shame us," says an English writer, "with their enthusiasm for our great men, and reverence for their shrines." Here is an American pilgrim, who, in the score or so of times he has crossed the Atlantic, has had mainly in view homage to some poet or prophet, and the intellectual intercourse with the best minds in England. Mr. Yarnall's recollections reach far back. He can remember the coming of Lafayette to America in 1824; he saw the hero's triumphal progress through Philadelphia. The nephew of Lucretia Mott, he was early brought into contact, at her house, with the Anti-Slavery leaders, and with the eminent men and women who were in intellectual sympathy with them—Lloyd Garrison, Whittier, Dr. Channing, Emerson, Harriet Martineau and Frederika Bremer. Though every ancestor of his for two hundred years was born in America, he has been from early days animated by the deepest love for English literature, and the red-letter day of his life was that on which he saw and spoke with Wordsworth. It was in 1849, the year before the poet's death. The story of that day is told with great vividness. "A tall figure, a little bent with age, his hair thin and grey and his face deeply wrinkled. The expression of his countenance was sad, mournful I might say; he seemed one on whom sorrow pressed heavily. He gave me his hand and welcomed me cordially, though without smiling." Such was the old man two years after the death of his beloved daughter. Per-

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haps the most striking utterance on the occasion was the poet's expression of his still surviving love for France. "I should like to spend another month in France before I close my eyes." But some of the modern Frenchmen he thought little of. Lamartine was "a poor writer of verses, not having the slightest claim to be considered a statesman." The two men exchanged ecclesiastical opinions, and it is interesting to know that Wordsworth thought there ought to be five times as many bishops as the State had appointed. An impressive picture is given by Mr. Yarnall of the poet reading aloud out of a book of selections from his own poems, which his American visitor had shown him, and not omitting the biographical comments and the eulogies of the editor. He read them simply, naturally and solemnly. "It seemed almost as if he was moved by the greatness of his own power, the gifts with which he had been endowed." The pilgrim returned to the shrine many times after, but the divinity had gone.

Recollections of the Coleridges, especially of Sara and Derwent, Sir John Taylor and Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, pleasantly fill up a good part of the remainder of the book. But the miscellaneous pages contain notes and records of many eminent persons of the last two generations. The writer breakfasted with Rogers; he met Macaulay; and with Keble, Kingsley and Forster he had intimate intercourse. Scraps from these old conversations are still of interest. Of Maurice, Kingsley said, "I live to interpret him to the people of England." To his American visitor Kingsley spoke of the newly published poems of Walt Whitman as the "production of a coarse, sensual mind," and the American "had no defence to make." Perhaps the most interesting picture in the whole book is Macaulay giving his views on art. "He did not consider the faculty for it a high gift of mind. . . . Music, Macaulay also maintained, was an art which it required no high mental power to master"!

LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER. Edited with an Introductory Essay by Charles Townsend Copeland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. $1.50.

The many to whom every word of Thomas Carlyle's is of interest will welcome this new volume of letters. His personality is in them all, strong, rugged and tender, a personality which never shows to more advantage than in the protecting, superior, slightly pedagogic, yet altogether kindly and affectionate attitude of the elder brother. They are not literary letters either in manner or matter. They have to do chiefly with the domestic affairs of the large connection of brothers and sisters and related families. Records of comings and goings, accounts of everybody's health, details regarding parcels of clothing—in short, all the familiar items which fill the most commonplace of family letters are the subject of these. Now and again there is an outburst, a flash, of Carlyle the philosopher, but only occasionally. Most of the letters are to Mrs. Hanning, "Jenny," the little sister born when "Tom" was already a youth of eighteen, but several are to his mother, and these are best of all. Her letters, too, are characteristic, and one or two of them are given. The book adds nothing to our knowledge of the writer, but helps to fill out our knowledge of the man.

A HISTORY OF BOHEMIAN LITERATURE. By Francis, Count Lutzow. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Count Lutzow in taking for granted that we know nothing at all of Bohemian literature has told the general reader—for whom Mr. Gosse's series of Literatures of the World is intended—too much. But, at least, the story has been told now in detail for the curious student. The writer has done his work excellently; but he could not make bricks out of straw. He could not make a literature seriously worth the name out of the mass of printed matter written by Bohemians. Thousands of books were destroyed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Perhaps all the great ones were then annihilated. We can only judge of what remains, and judge by the evidence of a well-informed and patriotic historian. The alleged early and interesting MSS. are forgeries. There was practically no poetry worth speaking of till the present century, and the specimens given of that are too scanty to enable us to say whether they are above the average of modern minor verse. There have been creditable historians, but no Herodotus, not even a Froissart. There have been devoted philologists, and it is doubtful whether Scotland has equalled Bohemia in its zeal for theological controversy. But no imaginative writers of eminence and no literary artists have given other peoples an impetus to master this Slav speech. Of a book dear to all Bohemians of former generations, *The Labyrinth of the World of Komensky* (Comenius), no English translation exists, but Count Lutzow nearly promises there shall be one ere long. After all, the real value of this lengthy dissertation is historical, not literary.

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NOVEL NOTES

IN VAIN. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

The youthful works of a distinguished writer ought, as a rule, to be read only by a small circle of his most devoted admirers. His first essays are almost a family affair, a very private matter, like his first tooth or the photograph of his pudgy infant face. But this story appears to be an exception, for it has many of the characteristics of the author's maturer writings. The volumes of short stories published under the titles of *Hania* and *Sielanka,* respectively, contain much that is no whit better than *In Vain,* from which we may infer either that Sienkiewicz matured very suddenly or did not mature at all in certain respects. The latter inference, ruthless as it seems in the case of so admired a writer, has some justification when we consider his treatment of the emotions even in his latest works. There are no subtleties of suggestion, no indirect effects, but a free, frank use of all the romantic artillery. The characters fling themselves about and weep and pale and gnash their teeth quite as they do in this story of his ardent youth. It would be difficult to arrange the writings of Sienkiewicz in chronological order from internal evidence. Exuberance in his case does not seem to diminish with advancing years.

In Vain is the story of a young man with high intellectual resolves, who goes to the University of Kieff and achieves distinction there by his talent and his industry. Unfortunately, a certain widow with whom his room-mate is hopelessly in love sees in him a likeness to her dead husband. She loves him, and he fancies that he returns her love. Then the friend dies, devastated by his fatal passion, and bequeaths to him the guardianship of the widow. In the meanwhile, through a chain of circumstances which need not here be detailed, he finds himself in the position of protector to another young lady. This one he really loves with all the intensity of his powerful nature, but honour binds him to the widow, whom, in a spirit of heroic self-sacrifice, he promises to marry. But the wrench is too much for him, and he has typhus fever, in the course of which he raves in delirium and reveals to the widow that he loves another. The widow drowns herself. He recovers, but is strangely altered. The ravages of emotion have left him passionless. The love which he felt for the other one, and which she reciprocates, has turned to ashes.

Such is the plot. The incidental descriptions of student life are interesting, and here and there are little phrases that charm by their originality. Others are very crude, though how far the translation may account for this we cannot say. As an example, we may cite the following: "He did not dare cough out of himself at the moment that Yosef was going to marry Helena." That the characters should not be finely drawn, that passions should come and go like cyclones, that the heroine's head should sometimes get on fire and "thoughts like a garland of sparks and ice" should "besiege her temples," are to be expected in a youthful work, especially in the youthful work of Sienkiewicz. Yet, as we said before, the story shows to an unusual degree the characteristics of the writer's own maturity.

TRISTRAM LACY. By W. H. Mallock. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

When Mr. Mallock writes anything except satires he is very profitlessly employed. But some of his satires are worse than profitless. They are ignoble. And so, with all its abundant cleverness, is *Tristram Lacy.* But it will afford some amusement. He has set up a row of grotesquely painted dummies, and he takes pot shots at them with vigorous enjoyment. In his preface he anxiously explains that his Mrs. Norham is not a skit on the celebrated Mrs. ——. We are quite willing to give Mr. Mallock the credit of Mrs. Norham's invention. She is a rough caricature of a good many people who use very big language, make eloquent attempts at regenerating the world by phrases, and she is credited with hoping to solve the problem of perpetual happiness by introducing Plato to seamstresses and Carmen to the glories of art. Her portrait is rough work; but he puts quite funny speeches into her mouth, which will not fail to rouse a laugh. Mr. Prouse Bousefield is a far finer and abler piece of work. The half-bred enthusiast,

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with the ill-fitting clothes, the severe morality and the habit of adoring docility before all women with causes and glib tongues, is almost a masterpiece. He is the one living creature in the book, and the satire on him is successful, mainly, we think, because he is not ill-humoured. The Mrs. Norhams of the world are fair game. No one will quarrel because they are made fun of; but even round them the laughter should be fair, it defeats itself by being ill-tempered. And, except in dealing with Mr. Bousefield and the pet ladies and gentlemen in the great world, there is nowhere a trace of good humour in *Tristram Lacy.*

Mr. Mallock is not content to make all his dummy reformers silly. He must have them petty or evil-minded, too. Is he to be forgiven because he is pleading the cause of his heart, the cause of all that is "stately and sedate and stable in society"? (How one wants to add another "s"!) The virtues, the graces, the depths, the genius of humanity, are all safely entrenched in the upper circles, he holds. The life of the "classes" "affords the novelist or the poet the best and richest material. . . . for representing what is most profound and universal in human nature." Maybe; but Mr. Mallock rather poorly upholds the theory in this story, where the well-born, well-educated hero, who is described endlessly, is a complete non-entity. The only incident in his career we remember is where this model of breeding bursts into uncontrollable laughter on hearing how a minor poet of his acquaintance, reading a batch of reviews, seated in a railway cutting, throws himself under a passing train, in despair at the harshness of the critics. The hero with the fine sense of humour hears of the thing, remember, not as an improbable invention, but as an actual fact. The minor poet, however, was only the son of a washerwoman. Alas! the end of Mr. Mallock's effort is to make reasonable folks think that even the Mrs. Norhams are more tolerable company than the Vere de Veres, and all the other stately and sedate and stable persons, and the wealthy brewers, of his imagination. It is not Mrs. Norham that is called silly, when he travesties thus the aims of the apostles of culture for the masses. "Loving, cultured men and palpitating, cultured women would introduce Schiller to the dustman and Shakespeare's sonnets to the dog-stealer, while the seamstress would be inoculated with those gracious æsthetic appreciations which should make her despise the best lodgings she was ever likely to occupy." There is a great deal that is foolish and morbid in the restless zeal of the reformers; but we would rather run the risk of disease in the social fabric than Mr. Mallock's alternative, which is the certainty of death.

A DASH FOR A THRONE. By W. A. Marchmotn. New York: New Amsterdam Book Co. $1.50.

In his new book Mr. Marchmont has given us a thrilling story of adventure, in which he displays a perfect wealth of plots and intrigues, mysteries, hair-breadth escapes and critical situations. The story suffers somewhat by the excellence of many which have gone before it, in which the main features are the same. Here is the heiress to a throne, the centre of intrigues and villainy, plots and counterplots; here, also, is the chivalrous stranger come to her rescue, posing as her cousin, and carrying things through with a high hand. But the story is too good to have remained untold because of this similarity. The author has written with spirit, and drawn his characters with firm and clever strokes; and numerous as are the villains in the story, each one possesses his own individual type of villainy. One becomes somewhat irritated at times with the hero for being so easily led off on a false scent, but this weakness of his leads to so many strong situations and exciting scenes that it is easy to forgive him. The book is well written and thoroughly interesting. What does Mr. Marchmont mean by "old rustled reflections," on page 30?

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH. By Frank Mathew. With Three Portraits after Holbein. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

"This book," says Mr. Mathew, "deals with the history of Henry the Eighth as seen by Henry Percy, sixth Earl of Northumberland, who was Wolsey's pupil, Anne Bullen's lover and the king's friend." The writer has consulted many authorities, but his main guide in investigating or contradicting them has been the spirit of romance. For instance, the incidents which will make the widest appeal—Northumberland's escape during the Pilgrimage of Grace, his rescue by a shepherd and his journey to London to plead for his wife with the king—are pure inventions. Capriciously he introduces some judgments of his own, for which romance is not responsible—the unfavourable one of Cromwell, for example. Mr. Mathew's book should not be judged hastily. He is not a writer of popular historical romance. His work is fine and subtle. The risk his method runs is not blatancy, but occasional ineffectiveness. Yet *Defender of the Faith,* though we do not put it on the level of *The Wood of the Brambles,* is certainly not ineffec-

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tive. Only you must focus it rightly, and not demand what it has no pretension of giving. The odour of romance is all about it, but a full-blooded obvious romance, with a regular orthodox plot, it is not. Students of history may declare that the great burly figure of Henry is not visible. And true, Henry is seen only in glimpses, and very variously; but these glimpses suggest, as well as any regular portrait could do, the causes that made the king find favour in women's eyes, that gave him the frequent devotion of men, that made him the most thankless of masters. Norfolk is a shade, they will say. So he is; but, remember, Mr. Mathew's method is pictorial, and he skilfully throws up only a few figures in the centre—Henry, Cromwell, Anne Bullen and, we think, with less success, Percy. You cannot get at his judgment of Anne; but assuredly she is here a creature of great fascination, of many wayward graces, bewildering you with her power of acting, her possibilities of crime, her undoubted charm and her fine momentary pluck. The work spent on these central figures is all delicate and interesting. It is a complicated nineteenth-century mind that has read theirs and, perhaps, over-subtilised them. But surely schoolboys are not to monopolise all the care of the writers of historical romance.

RUPERT. BY THE GRACE OF GOD. By Dora Greenwell McChesney. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

This is the story of a plot, hatched and carried forward, for the placing of Prince Rupert on the throne of England in the place of Charles I. The Rebellion times, however, have been dealt with in fiction somewhat too frequently of late years to rouse excitement or interest, unless very strikingly presented to the reader. The volume now before us, we regret to say, does not satisfy the demand; what interest it possesses is dulled, and the tale itself hampered, by the author's slavish allegiance to a form of writing which she has set herself to follow, one which, unfortunately, merely burdens and obscures the narrative. We do not ask for modern slang or nineteenth-century phrasing, of course, but there is a medium, a medium which has been happily found by many a writer of these seventeenth-century doings. Miss McChesney gives us a little relief here and there, we are glad to say—in plain words, she is not so stilted on every page; but the book smacks more of the nature of Arthurian legend than of outspoken Royalist and Roundhead days; and is so knotted up in mediæval expression that with a sigh we are forced to agree with Will Fortescue, the hero, when he says, "Yet was my own life so enmeshed therewith as that the threads are hard to sever." They are very hard to sever—even harder to disentangle.

THE MANDATE. By T. Baron Russell. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

In *A Guardian of the Poor* Mr. T. Baron Russell showed himself a realist of distinction. His sketches of Camberwell shop life were artistic, convincing, moving. *The Mandate*, his first novel, is an ambitious piece of work, original and striking. It is a strong rather than a pleasant book, wanting something in humour and kindliness. Mr. Russell's touch is at times almost brutal. His hatreds are intense. Henry St. Kelvin is a most objectionable character, we admit, but his foulness—the word is not too strong—is too much insisted upon. It is apparent and needs no emphasis. The constant pictures of the man's orgies lack restraint and reticence. It is difficult to regard him as human or to feel horror of his murderer. This murder by mesmeric suggestion is the central theme of the novel. It is treated with rare dramatic power, and is rendered not only probable, but inevitable. The climax grips the imagination, and is full of grim, haunting terror. There is unmistakable talent in the book. The writing is throughout forceful and clear, the characters finely observed and realised.

THE REPENTANCE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

In *The Repentance of a Private Secretary* Mr. Gwynn has not attempted to make excuses for anybody. His private secretary is a young man with the vanity and sentimentality of youth, who has an "affair" with a married woman—the wife of his employer, Julian Eyrton. Mr. Gwynn does not idealise Mrs. Eyrton or even portray her as the martyr-like wife, but he really makes of her a very interesting person. He tells us that she is possessed with that "incomplete knowledge and that desire for ethical experiment" which renders women such dangerous creatures; and he says further that she had "the gambler's temperament, which, in women, even more often than in men, finds its outlet in throwing dice for souls." And Mrs. Eyrton's conduct is quite consistent with this description. First she has a flirtation with an artist, who, when he finds out that she is not in earnest, draws his revolver, and is saved from damaging the furniture by the timely arrival of the private secretary, at this time a most virtuous young man. But it is not long before his turn comes. However, Mrs. Eyrton

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rapidly recovers from these little affairs, and when we leave her she is very happy with her husband and her baby, for whom the private secretary is to be godfather. Out of this transparent plot Mr. Gwynn has woven a most amusing story, for we fancy that he does not wish his men or his women or their morals to be taken too seriously.

A SILENT SINGER. By Clara Morris. New York: Brentano's. $1.25.

One would naturally suppose that when an actress takes to writing fiction she would depend largely upon stageland for her material, the land that is so full of the people that she understands and that outsiders are ever ready to hear about. But Clara Morris has done nothing of the kind. Her stories tell chiefly of country life and country characters; of men and women in life's aftermath. In "Old Myra's Waiting" the heroine is in her eighty-third year. They are homely little sketches, somewhat lacking in strength because of their undue sentimentality. "A Silent Singer" is the pathetic tale of a girl who dies of consumption after her heart is broken by a stern father, and here the author gives the sentimental reader a good opportunity to indulge in tears. Miss Morris has evidently led part of her life far away from the glare of the footlights, as these stories reflect an intimate knowledge of the rude and simple life of the country.

THE MAID HE MARRIED. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone and Company. 75 cents.

This is the pocket-edition love story of Josephine Grey, a country school-teacher, both beautiful and talented. She is taken in hand by a rich aunt and uncle, who launch her upon society, where she makes a considerable stir. For six months she is the reigning belle in her aunt's smart set, and in her social triumphs she finds it difficult to remember the country doctor to whom she is betrothed. But just as she has reached the decisive moment, and when a millionaire is pleading his suit, she is summoned to the deathbed of a little child. It is then that her true nature asserts itself, and it does not take long for her to realise that she prefers her poor country lover to all the luxury and the grandeur of her adopted home. However, Josephine Grey is only a character in a book, so she does not have to return to her humdrum life, for the lover is brought to her, and a wealthy practice assured him among the friends of this benevolent old uncle. The author's description of the yacht race will delight the hearts of her nautical readers.

ADRIAN ROME. A Contemporary Portrait. By Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25.

The portrait that the authors give of Adrian Rome is somewhat indistinct and illusive. He is presumably a man of ability, as he has written a successful play and has had a book of verse published—the two great ambitions of many so-called *littérateurs*. Yet he is a weak and flabby-minded sort of man, often given to "bat-like flights of thought." When very young he loved a country maiden, Sylvia by name, who, because of her different station in life, would not consent to marry him. He takes this refusal very calmly, and decides that he is wedded to his art. The time comes when marriage seems a necessity, and as the choice of a wife bores him, he allows another to make the choice for him. After he is married to the woman for whom he has not professed any love, and who, on her part, takes very little interest in him or his work, he finds himself an unhappy and dissatisfied man. His work suffers, and he grows more cynical and more undecided every day. Then Sylvia comes across his path again, and, of course, the meeting proves too much for him. He begs of her to go away with him, but in vain. In a few days, apparently repenting of her refusal, she goes to him only to find that he is dead. *Adrian Rome* is a story of English life, with which the authors seem particularly familiar, and if it lacks dramatic incident, it certainly does not lack any number of characters. The book shows that these same authors are capable of some very good writing, but as yet it is rather uneven. They fill some of the pages with empty epigrams and cynical small-talk, which do not always bear a close relationship to the story.

AGATHA WEBB. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: Messrs G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The name of Anna Katharine Green has always been associated with detective stories, so in *Agatha Webb* we find the usual murder in the first chapter, followed by the usual suspicion of nearly every person at all connected with the story and the final clearing up of all the suspicion and the mystery. In this story Mrs. Rohlfs does not stop at one good, clean murder, but she gives it to us in wholesale quantities. First the beautiful Agatha Webb is found murdered in her room, with the dead body of Batsy, the maid-servant, half out of the window. And no sooner is Agatha buried than Philemon, her husband, drops dead, and only two more days elapse before Agatha's neighbours and aforetime lovers, John and

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James Zabell, also die suddenly and mysteriously. Surely here is sufficient gruesome material for one author to handle; it would hardly seem as if anybody in the book had been allowed to live. However, there are of necessity a few important characters left to be suspected. One of them, Frederic Sutherland, is a well-nigh impossible character. One day he is a depraved person, mixed up in all sorts of wicked doings and in love with Amabel Page, who is even more depraved than he; and the next day he is saying his prayers and making love to Agnes Halliday, who is pure and innocent and colourless. While Mrs. Rohlfs has done her detective work fairly well, she has quite omitted to explain how Frederic gets out of the clutches of his former pals. She simply reforms him, and lets it go at that. But in spite of such a bundle of impossibilities, she contrives to hold the interest of the reader to the end, which is all that can be expected of Anna Katharine Green.

LETITIA BERKELEY, A.M. By Josephine Bontecou Steffens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

Josephine Bontecou Steffens has followed the example of many another woman writer in choosing for her subject the psycho-physical study of a young woman whose physiology triumphs over her psychology. Letitia is the daughter of a professor in a small New England college, and, tiring of her narrow existence, she seeks life in New York with her whole being full of longings, which in her ignorance she does not understand. In describing Letitia's experiences in New York, Mrs. Steffens does not spare the reader, and in no delicate terms she proceeds to set forth the vulgar Mrs. Ball, the unprincipled Philip Euston, and the shameless intrigues that flourish under the name of society. Letitia drives in the park with Philip, attends the theatre and the opera, frequents private dining-rooms here, there and everywhere, and finally visits his own apartments. She does not pretend to love him. In fact, Mrs. Steffens tells us very frankly that he was nothing to her but the "object of her subjective state." After a few months of this sort of life, Letitia breaks with Philip and goes to Paris to study medicine. In spite of her "past," a past without consequences and, therefore, more easy to forget, she is a woman of a fine type, and it is not long before she wins the love of a man who is worth the winning. Letitia tries to convince herself that there is no sex in sin, and Mrs. Steffens treats us to pages of reasoning on this insidious question. But when the crisis comes Letitia does just as "Tess" and so many other women have done—she confesses! And then it is the same old story—and the same old question is asked, "Who was the man?" Men and women of to-day may have many free-and-easy theories, but when it comes to practice, it is in this case as in every other: normal human nature clings to the conventionalities and to the fixed standards. We are sorry that one more book is added to the list of the erotic in fiction, as we do not see that this sort of thing serves any particular purpose. Mrs. Steffens can write very entertainingly, and with her understanding of men and women she ought to be able to do healthier work on her next book; but we hope that in the meantime this interesting writer will take pains to improve her English, which in the present story shows an unpardonable carelessness.

THE MARKET PLACE. By Harold Frederic. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

We opened *The Market Place* with no exaggerated expectations. The early chapters were brilliant as ever, yet as we turned the pages we waited in vain for what had almost seemed the inevitable falling off of brightness and interest. *The Market Place* is a fine piece of work, one of the best novels of the year, a literary legacy that will be remembered almost as an heirloom. The weakness of Harold Frederic's *Gloria Mundi* is the strength of *The Market Place,* for the book owes its very being to the rush and struggle and turmoil of existence that destroyed its creator. It throbs with the hum of life, and the wild, mad chorus of the market-place rises from its pages crescendo to a tremendous finale.

To transfer the "city" to the printed page is a wonderful achievement. In *The Market Place* his multitudinous, extravagant, corrupt, but extraordinarily fascinating "city" lives, moves and has its being. Harold Frederic must have had intimate acquaintance with its secrets, for there is not an impossible incident in his novel, and much is a transcript from reality. To many *The Market Place* will seem the wildest of extravaganzas, a romance of the realms of Zenda—a stirring, exciting romance, too. To those who possess the key to the book, it is a ruthless exposure, a merciless satire. Both as satire and romance it is splendid reading.

The Market Place is one of the few men's novels. From title-page to colophon it is compact of virility. As a study of character it is supreme, for there is not one single failure in the book, and as a Romance of the City it has no equal in modern fiction.

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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, August 1, 1899.

Publications for July were naturally light, and very few warrant especial mention at this time. The demand for *The Anglo-Saxon Review*, edited by Lady Randolph Churchill, exceeded the expectations of the publishers, and it went out of print temporarily. A similar experience occurred to *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*.

Fiction, nearly always in the lead, commands almost exclusive attention at this time of year. The present season is no exception, and, in fact, has a most remarkable record in the sales of the three leading books. *Richard Carvel* has undoubtedly come from third to second place, and many dealers would place it first, but the more extended territory covered by *David Harum* still allows it to hold this position. *When Knighthood was in Flower* is a close third, and will no doubt continue well to the front when the proposed dramatisation is brought out. *No. 5 John Street* seems to increase in popularity, and *Red Rock, Prisoners of Hope* and *The Fowler* are still selling readily.

The publication of the paper editions of popular novels has materially increased sales in this rather declining department of the business, many of these still selling largely, warranting the announcement of additional titles. It is interesting to note that the limited edition of one hundred thousand copies of *The Christian*, one of the earlier ventures in this line, is now entirely exhausted.

The Martyrdom of an Empress, From Sea to Sea, The Man with the Hoe and *Letters of Dreyfus* are among the most prominent in miscellaneous works. Out-door books remain in fair demand, and there is just at present some interest being shown in religious literature of a popular nature, such as *In His Steps, Foretokens of Immortality, Through Nature to God* and *George Müller of Bristol.*

Little demand is made during the summer months for the illustrated editions, juveniles, standard sets and leather-bound books, which are so saleable later in the season, but the publisher and dealer have these in mind, and make preparations in advance. The "Swastika" edition of Kipling and the new book of Gibson illustrations are likely to be among the most popular of presentation books.

Trade generally during the past month has kept up its comparative improvement over recent years, and the outlook for the autumn season is bright, preparation for which is well under way with announcements and the early purchases of holiday goods. Text-book orders are also being received in anticipation of the opening of the common schools first, the colleges later. Library trade is at its lowest ebb while the librarians take vacations and await the announcements of the coming season.

The list of best-selling books for the month follows. It will be noticed that not a single title published during the current month appears here:

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Children of the Mist. By E. Phillpotts. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling. $2.00.

The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

That Fortune. By Charles Dudley Warner. $1.50.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

The Dreamers—A Club. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, August 1, 1899.

It is very gratifying to be able to report that July business was above the average of recent years, and that sales generally are keeping up in a way that promises well for the future. In connection with this satisfactory state of things it is worth while noticing that trade is not inflated at all nor confined to one or two divisions of literature, but the improvement is general right along the line, embracing all classes of books.

The demand for *Richard Carvel* was one of the leading features of last month's business, the call for the work being remarkably strong. *The Fowler* was also in lively request, and increased its sale over that of June. *No. 5 John Street* is likewise going steadily ahead, and so are *Prisoners of Hope* and *Those Dale Girls.*

The usual remark applies to *David Harum*, which book is, by the way, one of the modern wonders of book-selling. As for *When Knight-*

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hood was in Flower, it is only surpassed in sales by the last-named book.

A large number of representatives of Eastern houses made this city their headquarters last month, with samples and announcements of the new books and new editions that are being prepared for autumn publication. Generally speaking, the list of forthcoming books is a strong one, both in quantity and quality, and bids fair to establish a new record. So far sales have been uniformly good, surpassing in most cases those made last year, which in itself augurs well for the coming season. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature to publishers was the way in which the new books have been taken up, the advance orders for which cannot fail to be encouraging at this season.

Just why popular taste in the colour of book-covers should change from time to time is not readily apparent, but it is nevertheless an established fact that it does. Two or three years since green was most fancied, but lately red bindings have been the fashion, and, other things being equal, a book with a red cover has an advantage over its neighbours.

The new complete edition of Kipling's works was received last month and is being taken up fairly well. It is expected by everybody that this will prove to be a great Kipling year. Considering the numerous editions of the non-copyright volumes upon the market, one would say that they ought to make a fair-sized Kipling catalogue by themselves.

That Fortune, by Charles Dudley Warner, is selling very well, and promises to become one of the leading books of the autumn. Miss Fowler's two books, *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* and *A Double Thread,* show an increased sale. On the other hand, however, *Mr. Dooley* fell off a little, and so did *The Day's Work*. Upon the whole, the leading books more than hold their own, and are having remarkable sales for this time of the year.

The following books met with the largest sale last month:

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.
No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.
Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By F. P. Dunne. $1.25.
Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.
That Fortune. By Charles Dudley Warner. $1.50.
Those Dale Girls. By Francis W. Carruth. $1.50.
A Double Thread. By Ellen T. Fowler. $1.50.
The Bee People. By Margaret W. Morley. $1.25.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.50.
Doc' Horne. By George Ade. $1.25.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By Ellen T. Fowler. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, June 20 to July 22, 1899.

The public has certainly not been in a book-buying frame of mind during the last few weeks, and consequently the announcement of the fact that trade has been quiet will not startle any one. This has been very noticeable in the country departments. Foreign and colonial business continues to pour in steadily, but there is always room for an increase, as the export trade is handicapped in many ways, particularly by the issue of colonial editions.

The leading line in the trade is still the six-shilling novel, which continues in good demand. *A Double Thread* and *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* (especially the latter) are favourites, with which may be mentioned *No. 5 John Street.* Many others named in the list at the foot are also selling freely. The sixpenny editions are falling off. The public appetite in this direction is nearly satisfied, although a few standard works are still announced to appear in this form.

A little work by Olive Schreiner, dealing with South African affairs, has attracted a considerable amount of attention, and a large number has been sold.

Guide Books are now in the height of their season, and large quantities of Murray's, Baedeker's and Black's various issues have found a ready market.

Books on out-door sports and cricket reminiscences always have a free outlet at this time of the year.

Coloured Almanacs and Calendars for the new year are being shown to the trade, but here, as with the books, there are too many of them for any to have a very large sale.

In the appended list of books it will be noticed that fiction predominates, and there is very little of more serious reading. The holiday season must answer for this.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
The Market Place. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
South African's View of the Situation. By O. Schreiner. 1s. (Hodder.)
Rupert, by the Grace of God. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
On the Edge of the Empire. By Jepson and Beames. 6s. (Heinemann.)
War to the Knife. By R. Boldrewood. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Elizabeth and Her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
I, Thou and the Other One. By A. E. Barr. 6s. (Unwin.)

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between July 1, 1899, and August 1, 1899.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Transatlantics. Wendt. (Brentano.) $1.00.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Tent of Grace. Lust. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) Paper, 50 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Strong Arm. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Those Dale Girls. Carruth. (McClurg.) $1.25.
6. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Strong Arm. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Honourable Peter Stirling. Ford. (Int. Book and Pub. Co.) Paper, 50 cents.
4. The Dreamers. Bangs. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Strong Arm. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

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DETROIT, MICH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
5. The Dreamers. Bangs. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Garden of Swords. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Myth and Romance. Cawein. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Strong Arm. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Morang.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
4. Bonhomme. Walsh. (Briggs.) Paper, 60 cents; cloth, $1.25.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Morang.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Richards.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Through Nature to God. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.
5. Miss Cayley's Adventures. Grant Allen. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. First Book of Birds. Miller. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Dreamers. Bangs. (Harper.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Agatha Webb. Green. (Putnam.) $1.25.
3. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Miss Cayley's Adventures. Grant Allen. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) 50 cents.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

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PORTLAND, ME.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Bird Neighbours. Blanchau. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
6. How to Know the Ferns. Parsons. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Dreamers. Bangs. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Garden of Swords. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Agatha Webb. Green. (Putnam.) $1.25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
4. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Strong Arm. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. I, Thou and the Other One. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
6. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Strong Arm. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. Many Cargoes. Jacobs. (Copp-Clark Co.) 50c. and $1.00.
6. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Morang.) 50c. and $1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Solitary Summer. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Idylls of the Sea. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. The Man with the Hoe. Markham. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.00.
6. The Pedagogues. Pier. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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Drawn by Louis Loeb.

THE BAYADÈRE.

(See page 117.)

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